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Saturday Review

OF LITERATURE

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Book Business Looks at Itself

By LESTER ASHEIM

Earl Schenck Miers, author o *ell."* *(See page 8)*

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TWENTY-FIVE YEARS A... MALCOLM COWLEY

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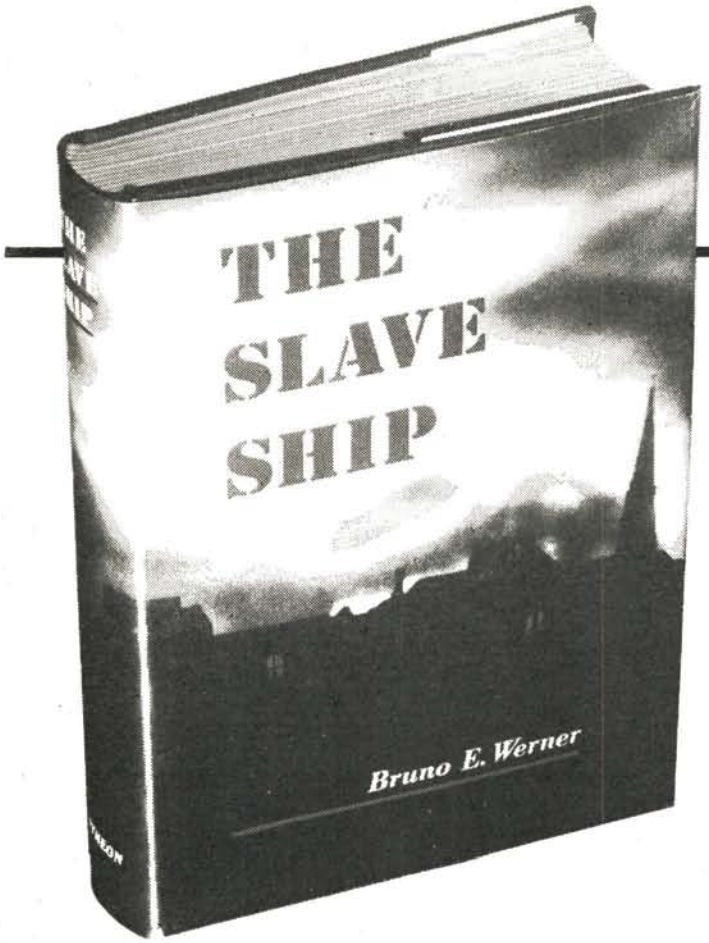

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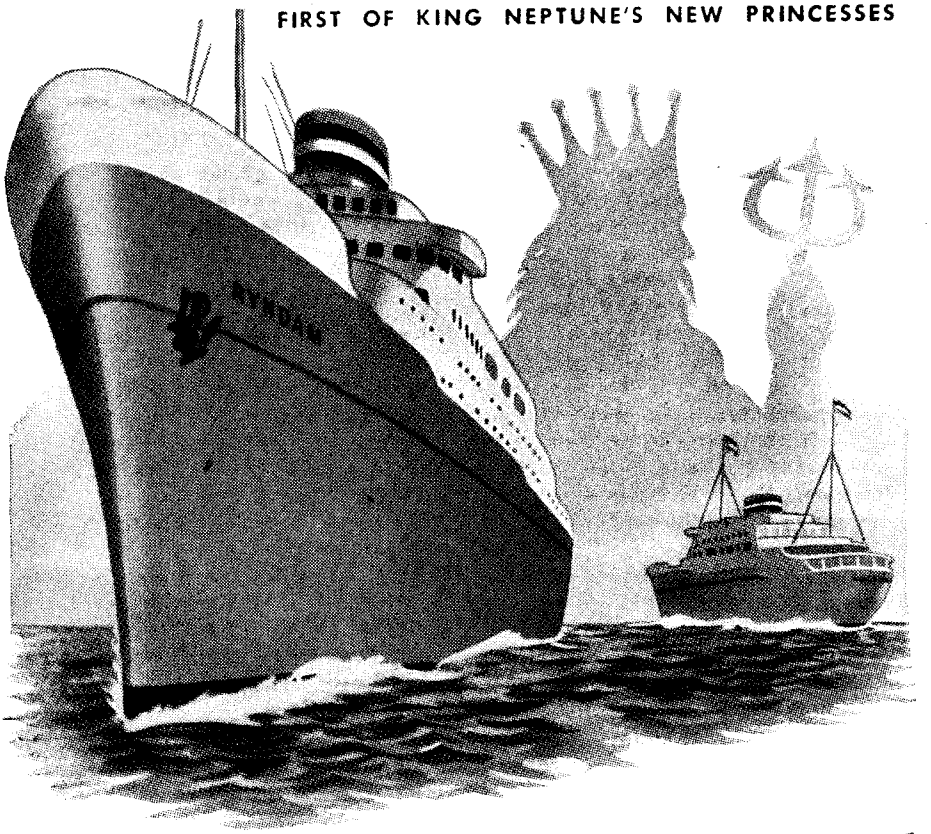

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TRADE Winds

QUARTER BOOKS continue on their merry way, burgeoning all over the place, in fact, into thirty-five-cent and half-dollar "double volumes." One new entry in the latter category contains two complete novels and nine short stories by assorted authors of distinction and looks for all the world like Gimbel's basement. Regular trade-book publishers have been worrying so much about the inroads of television that many have failed to realize the havoc that has been wrought by the inexpensive paper-backs. Hard-bound reprints—the kind that once flourished in drugstores at sixty-nine cents to one dollar and forty-nine cents—are practically extinct. Monthly magazines that cater particularly to fiction readers are reeling. One of the best known — and best edited — lost over a million dollars last year. Original editions of all but the very top mystery stories and Westerns have been cut in half. Their sponsors must depend more and more on subsidiary rights—particularly their share of the royalty on the quarter reprints—to stay in business. The sale of the average first novel is now nearer two thousand than three.

Publishers who have been aware of the drift have fared well enough, trimming their sails to catch the fresh winds. One told me, "I won't accept a first novel at all any more unless I feel confident I can resell it after a year to a quarter house. And if you catch me publishing any important book again in the dog days from April 15 to July 1 I'll be obliged if you'll hit me over the head with a baseball bat." His predicament, however, pales into insignificance alongside the plight of the retail booksellers. Quarter—and even dollar—books do not produce sufficient revenue to cover the booksellers' constantly mounting overhead. Salvation for many has come only from increasing concentration on stationery, greeting cards, and office furniture. Others threaten to quit altogether. Few newcomers have appeared upon the scene to battle unattractive odds. In short, the trade-book picture grows gloomier by the hour. Silver lining: publishing is still more fun than any other business in the world.

THE MAY 13 ISSUE of the *New York Herald Tribune Book Review* was dedicated to the Children's Spring Book Festival, with glowing write-ups for such entries as "Jeanne-Marie Counts Her Sheep," "Ginger Pye," "Sophie and Her Puppies," and "The Camel Who Took a Walk." And what books did some of our distinguished publishers choose to advertise in this issue? Both Scribner's and the BOMC featured that little whimsey for the kiddies called "From Here to Eternity." Doubleday introduced "The Gentle Pirate," about a streamlined babe who "got the idea of buccaneering from her blackmarketing father and her drunken bum of a brother." And the biggest display of all, I shudder to confess, was reserved by Random House for St. Clair McKelway's "True Tales of Crime and Rascality," obviously just the thing for a sensitive toddler to browse through before shooting off papa's ear with an air rifle or putting some beautifully colored ground-glass in mama's vegetable soup. . . . A modest suggestion to advertising managers of special supplements: restrict advertising columns to appropriate books—or at least warn publishers who have forgotten the occasion and scheduled ads that are not in keeping. If the publishers still want the ads run be sure the copy does not appear on pages whose text is devoted entirely to the special material.

Jabberwocky on Publishers' Row

By Richard Armour

Oh, the houghtons are all mifflin,
  While the farrars gently straus,
And in a funk are wagnalls,
  Running random through the house.

The dodds are briskly meading
  As the harcourts firmly brace,
While the scribners come a-knopf-
  ing
  To the little brownish place.

There's a prentice in the hallway,
  And a sheed, too, in the ward,
And many vans are nostrand,
  Though other vans are guard.

There's a simon in the schuster,
  Though the holts and heaths are
    wide,
And macs are mostly millan,
  But some are kay and bride.

Yes, the bobbs are very merrill
  And the duells sloan and pearce,
While the harpers, somewhat
    shocken,
  Watch the vikings liveright
    fierce.

BOOKMOBILES ARE COMING into greater favor every day as a means of rounding out library service in the sprawling suburbs of large cities and isolated communities in the farmland. In the *Kansas Library Bulletin* Zelia French writes:

> Working in a bookmobile demands a trigger-quick knowledge of the books available and the persuasiveness of a diplomat. The bookmobile is justified because it is economical, because it takes books directly to the patron's most convenient point of contact, because it has a glamorous, publicity value to the library, and because it has proven itself in the purpose for which it is designed. Having driven bookmobiles over rutty roads to the doorsteps of many one-room schoolhouses and watched the children rush out, clamoring all the way, then exclaiming over the books and pushing and shoving to grab the horse and dog stories; having watched small boys climb onto the driver's seat and pretend to be driving, and especially after noticing how the things are causing people of all ages to read more good books, we must admit an undefinable attraction, even love for them.

In Schenectady the library's new bookmobile has been decorated with an appropriate quotation from Chris Morley's "Parnassus on Wheels," tastefully hand lettered by an artist from General Electric:

Worthy friends, my wain doth hold
Many a book, both new and
  old;
Books, the truest friends of man,

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Fill this rolling caravan.
Books to satisfy all uses,
Golden lyrics of the Muses,
Books on cookery and farming,
Novels passionate and charming,
Every kind for every need
So that he who wants may read.

THE BOOK BUSINESS plays an important role in at least three impending candidates for the best-seller lists. The heroine of John Marquand's new novel, "Melville Goodwin, U.S.A.," is a lady publisher. The hero of Bob Tallant's "Southern Territory" is a book salesman who covers accounts from New Orleans to El Paso. And the theme of Laura Hobson's "The Celebrity" is what happens to a fine, serious young author—and his family—when his book suddenly hits the jackpot and makes him the most-talked-about new literary figure in the country. . . . Thanks to students of the U. of Oregon for pointing out that I had not pegged the head of the School of Journalism correctly. Dr. Gordon A. Sabine is the right name—and obviously he is mighty popular. . . . Hal Block, the TV wit, encountered a writer who boasted, "I provide Jimmy Durante with a lot of his best material. I'm also working on a new prose version of 'Cyrano de Bergerac.'" "Go along with you," ordered Block. "You're nothing but a nose-dropper." . . . The offspring of an author of a book about the heavens came down with the measles. "At least," mused Peter Lind Hayes, "the poor man no longer has to look through a telescope to see spots on the son."

JOHN STRALEY reports on a recent visit to a drive-in movie. At one point half the customers started hissing the villain. The other half scampered out of their cars and started hunting for flats. . . . John also quotes a lecturing author's explanation of the origin of kissing. "The cave man," said the author, "found that salt helped him survive the fierce summer heat, also that he could get the salt by licking a companion's cheek. Then he discovered that the process became more interesting if the companion belonged to the opposite sex. Next thing you know everybody forgot all about the salt." —BENNETT CERF.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Twenty-five Years After

The Lost Generation Today

MALCOLM COWLEY

—*Arni.*

Malcolm Cowley

ONCE more people are talking about the writers of what is still called the lost generation: Fitzgerald, Faulkner, Hart Crane, and all the others. It was Gertrude Stein who first applied the phrase to them. "You are all a lost generation," she said to Ernest Hemingway in 1926, and Hemingway used the remark as an inscription for his first novel. "The Sun Also Rises" was a good novel and became a pattern of conduct. Young men tried to get as masterfully drunk as the hero; young women of good families took a succession of lovers in the same heartbroken fashion as the heroine; they all talked like Hemingway characters, and the name was there for the ages, or at least for twenty-five years.

In the beginning it was as useful as any half-accurate tag could be. It was useful to older persons because they had been looking for words to express their uneasy feeling that postwar youth—"flaming youth"—had a picture of life that was different from their own. Now they didn't have to be uneasy; they could read about the latest affront to social standards or literary conventions and merely say, "That's the lost generation." But in 1926 the phrase was also useful to the youngsters. They had grown up and gone to college during a period of rapid changes when two or three years' difference in age might mean a tremendous difference in outlook. Now at last they had a slogan that expressed their feeling of separation from older persons and of kinship with one another.

In the slogan the noun was more important than the adjective. They might or might not be lost—the future would determine that point; but already they had had the common adventures and formed the common attitude that made it possible to describe them as a generation. Perhaps a better adjective would have been "uprooted" or "exiled," for at first a distinguishing mark of the generation was that it didn't feel at home in its own country. During World War I many of its members had enlisted in foreign armies, British, French, or Italian, and after the war most of them spent several years in Europe before returning to the United States. The European adventure, with all it implied in habits of life and literary standards, was in fact the central point in their common experience.

When we look back on their adventure after twenty-five years it seems to us now that they followed an old pattern of alienation and reintegration, or departure and return, that is repeated in scores of European myths and is continually re-enacted in life. A generation of American writers went out into the world like the children in Grimm's fairy tales who ran away from a cruel stepmother. They wandered for years in search of treasure and then came back like the grown children to dig for it at home. But the story in life was not so simple and it lacked the happy ending of fairy tales. Perhaps there was really a treasure, and perhaps it had been buried all the time in their father's garden, but the exiles did not find it there. They found only what others were finding: work to do as best they could and families to support and educate. The adventure had ended, and once more they were a part of the common life.

FOR MOST of them the adventure had been divided into four stages. There was the first stage when young writers born at the turn of the century were detached from their native backgrounds and were led to think of themselves as exiles in fact even when living at home. There was the second stage when they went abroad, many of them with the intention of spending the rest of their lives in Europe. The voyage had an unexpected effect on most of them; it taught them to admire their own country if only for its picturesque qualities. But they still preferred to admire it from a distance, and many of the younger exiles would have agreed with the opinion that Hawthorne expressed to his publisher in 1858. "To confess the truth," he said in a letter from Italy, "I had rather be a sojourner in any other country than return to my own. The United States are fit for many excellent purposes, but they are certainly not fit to live in." Yet Hawthorne went home to Concord in 1860, whether or not it was a fit place for him to live, and the new generation of exiles came straggling back to New York.

They had entered a third stage of the adventure, one in which the physical exile had ended while they were still exiles in spirit. At home they continued to think of themselves as oppressed by the great colorless mass of American society and they tried to defend their own standards by living apart from society, as if on private

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islands. They were, however, dependent on American business for their generally modest livelihoods and they were willing to leave their islands when they were invited to spend week ends with rich friends. In those days most young writers lived more simply than other college-bred Americans, because they had less money; but they allowed themselves to become involved by slow degrees in the frenzy of the boom years, with the result that they were also involved in the moral and economic collapse that followed. For some of them, like Hart Crane and Scott Fitzgerald, that was the end of the story.

There was a fourth stage for others, and it was their real homecoming. It took place against the background of the Depression, and its nature can be suggested here only in general terms. During the years when the exiles tried to stand apart from American society they had pictured it as a unified mass that was moving in a fixed direction and could not be turned aside by the efforts of any individual. The picture had to be changed after the Wall Street crash, for then the mass seemed to hesitate like a cloud in a cross wind. Instead of being fixed, its direction proved to be the result of a struggle among social groups with different aims and among social forces working against one another. The exiles learned that the struggle would affect everyone's future, including their own. When they took part in it on one side or another (but usually on the liberal side), when they tried to strengthen some of the forces and allied themselves with one or another of the groups they ceased to be exiles. They had acquired friends and enemies and purposes in the midst of society and thus wherever they lived in America they had found a home.

That is the pattern of the adventure as we look back at it after a quarter of a century. I think the pattern is true to history so long as it is stated in general terms, but it is less true when applied to individual writers. Not all the members of the lost generation saw military service during the First World War and not all of them spent their postwar years in Europe. My friend Kenneth Burke, for example, was rejected by the Army doctors and worked in a shipyard. In 1922 he bought an abandoned farm in the New Jersey hills and he lives there today; he has never been east of Maine. William Faulkner came home to Oxford, Mississippi, after serving in the Royal Air Force. He was postmaster at Oxford for about two years, then lost the job and went to New Orleans, where he was hired to pilot a cabin cruiser through the bayous with illegal cargoes of alcohol. In the summer of 1925 he took a walking trip through France and Italy. It was his second visit to Europe and would be the last until he won the Nobel Prize in 1950.

Each life has its own pattern within the pattern of the age, and every individual is an exception. Katherine Anne Porter was a newspaper woman in the Southwest before she went to Mexico and worked for the Revolutionary Government; Mexico City was her Paris, and Taxco was her South of France. Thomas Wolfe was a shipyard worker, being too young for the Army. He spent two of his postwar years at Harvard studying the drama under George Pierce Baker and then became an instructor at Washington Square College. After 1925 he traveled widely in Europe but he differed from the other exiles in preferring Germany to France. Before the Nazis took over he felt more at home in Munich than he did in North Carolina.

John Dos Passos was the greatest traveler in a generation of ambulant writers. When he appeared in Paris he was always on his way to Spain or Russia or Istanbul or the Syrian desert. But his chief point of exception was to be a radical in the 1920's, when most of his friends were indifferent to politics, and to become increasingly conservative in the following decade, when many of his friends were becoming radical. Scott Fitzgerald is always described as a representative figure of the 1920's, but the point has to be made that he represented the new generation of ambitious college men rising in the business world much more than he did the writers. He earned more money than other serious writers of his generation, lived far beyond their means—as well as living beyond his own—and paid a bigger price in remorse and suffering for his mistakes. Like the others, he followed his own path through life, and yet when all the paths are seen from a distance they seem to be interwoven into a larger pattern of exile (if only in spirit) and return from exile, of alienation and reintegration.

THE EXILES fled to Europe and then came back again. A decade was ending, and they didn't come back to quite the same country nor did they come back as the same men and women.

The country had changed in many ways, for better and worse, but the exiles were most impressed by the changed situation of American literature. In 1920 it had been a provincial literature, dependent on English standards even when it tried to defy them. Foreign countries regarded it as a sort of colonial currency that had to be assigned a value in pounds sterling before it could be accepted on the international exchange. By 1930 it had come to be valued for itself and studied like Spanish or German or Russian literature. There were now

(*Continued on page* 33)

Thomas Wolfe, Katherine Anne Porter, Hart Crane, Ernest Hemingway, William Faulkner, F. Scott Fitzgerald in the old days — "like the children in Grimm's fairy tales."

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Arms & The Man.

With the United States at least ankle-deep in its eighth war, its martial tradition is becoming correspondingly richer. The four new volumes reviewed here suggest that our military literature is keeping pace. Willard M. Wallace's "Appeal to Arms" is by all odds the best military history of the Revolution available in small compass. Earl Schenck Miers employs the unusual method he developed in "Gettysburg" to tell the story of W. T. Sherman in "The General Who Marched to Hell." And the role in World War II of the "silent service," the submarine, is given its due in Cope and Karig's "Battle Submerged" and Lockwood's "Sink 'Em All." All these books use the vantage point of one or a few participants to report on war—a practice about which Colonel S.L.A. Marshall has some cogent things to say below.

The First Modern General

THE GENERAL WHO MARCHED TO HELL. By Earl Schenck Miers. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 349 *pp.* $4.50.

By S. L. A. Marshall

IN HIS study of W. T. Sherman and the military campaign with which history mainly associates him Earl Schenck Miers follows a method which he found profitable in writing "Gettysburg" and which he explains briefly in his introduction.

These are the words: "This is a book that, in attempting to recapture the immediacy of feeling at a precise moment, is more concerned with the impression of facts than with the facts themselves. Only historical research can afford to deal with the whole truth; history as it is lived must contend with the partial truth by which men fight and bleed and die."

Because he is an artist with words, with an ideal sense of what will fire the average imagination and touch the common heart, Mr. Miers is able to hew to this line in his research and come forth with a chronicle of General Sherman, his March to the Sea, and the general circumstances attending the man and the event, which will enthrall anyone who reads his book.

This is also what he did with "Gettysburg." No doubt it is what he will continue to do with books yet to follow. As a technique for the writing of books which will sell and will be treasured by those who read (two quite valid objects) it has proved successful when applied by such a craftsman.

But a question arises when contemporaries mistake the technique for more than it is and hail the results as "a new realism." That was what happened when "Gettysburg" was published. Critics fairly swooned over its stark delineation of the battlefield, concluding it was objective because it was based on words spoken or written about things done and seen at or near the time. But the fact remained that Mr. Miers described actions during those fateful days which could not possibly have occurred on a field dominated by the rifle bullet. There are limits which are imposed by human nature; the difference between what men are capable of doing under pressure and their heroic recollections of what they did only a few days afterward is almost infinite.

We know this now better than we ever knew it before. During World War II we made experimental search in the European theatre on this very point. The historian would be on the field with the troops and the commander. With all of the actors present and all pertinent documents available the account of action would then be composed until no gaps remained. Three months later with no reference to the basic document we quizzed the same commander on his memory of the event. Only exceptionally objective men were chosen for this test. Yet the deviations between the two accounts were so radical as to suggest that the man was thinking about another battle.

As for the importance of contemporary "impression of fact," once I researched the files to see how the American press reacted to major events in World War I. It was found that without exception the correspondents had missed the significance of the first battle of the Marne, none had understood the race to the North Sea while it was in progress, and when the Germans issued their official report on Tannenberg some newspapers mistook it for news that a second battle had occurred at the same point.

From these and many similar experiences the conclusion was unavoidable that military memoirs are highly unreliable, that most battlefield history of the past is a tissue of myths, and that contemporary impressions are of chief interest because of the manner in which the flooding-in of misinformation obstructs clear action.

As to battle itself, our total World War II experience proved that there is no substitute for complete search *at the time*. That is surely within the means not only of the historians but of the correspondents, though the former are first to see the light. Sound history fundamentally is the product of sound reporting. Mr. Miers is so very right in his theme that history lives, that it is not a dead science to be served mainly by the archivists.

His story of Sherman is not the book which military students have been awaiting—an analysis which would take this man apart and explain by what logic and conditioning he became the First Modern General.

Why did Sherman see earlier than anyone else that war in the industrial age would have to be waged against the heart of society itself? By what staff magic, tactical secret, or accident was he able to keep his battle losses consistently in ratio less than half those of Grant, Lee, Johnston, and others? How did he win men to him when his mien and manner were not engaging and he had no record of success?

These are a few of the puzzling

—By Robert Lawson, from "Watchwords of Liberty."

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questions about Sherman. His memoirs come nearer supplying the answers than anything yet written, but they leave much unexplained.

Mr. Miers has by-passed the riddle of Sherman's command genius and method. It would seem self-evident that any book written of a general and his campaigns should be precise about his battles, at least as to objects, and the main moves from which came success or failure. There is very little of this. Tactics are obscured. The battlefield is reflected mainly in feature bits, anecdotes and the like. They are well chosen; such is the skill with which they are interpolated as to make one marvel at the author's gift for weaving unrelated parts into a smooth narrative. But it is all very baffling to one seeking knowledge of Sherman's generalship.

However, one extraordinary exception needs to be noted. The book tells of Sherman from the opening to the close of the Civil War. Its real meat is in the half describing the March to the Sea. Here the Miers technique is ideally suited to a portrayal of the ordeal of the people over whom Sherman rode and the conduct of his army; and the section is furnished with solid information on the logistics of this army, which had cut clean away from its bases.

In the gallery of great generals there is no more curious personality than this one. Sherman was a man of strange moods, given to idiosyncratic behavior. At times he was considered a little "teched" in the head. Yet almost as if by instinct he mastered the economy of operations in a degree that no American commander has excelled.

The author has developed new light on certain aspects of the Sherman personality. But he has not pierced the mystery.

S. L. A. Marshall, member of the editorial staff of the Detroit News, *was European theatre historian for the War Department during World War II.*

THE AUTHOR: Earl Schenck Miers wrote a historical novel some years ago—"Valley in Arms." He hopes to write more novels, but these will not be historical. Since that book he has written "Gettysburg" (1948) and now the present story of Sherman, and the technique used is, he feels, better than fiction can be (speaking only for himself, of course, and not indicting other historical novelists) for his desire to revitalize history and the people who made it. His interest in history is intense—but talking with him brings out the fact of his essential concentration on people and the insecurities that make them act as they do rather than on event. His particularized interest in the Civil War period he vaguely credits to maternal and paternal ancestors involved in that war. In the introduction to "The General Who Marched to Hell" he cites three factors which governed "the selections of the witnesses represented in the pages that follow." And the third factor is "preference wherever possible to hitherto unpublished sources." A favorite quotation of his, the source of which has escaped him, is: "History doesn't repeat itself—historians merely repeat each other." A New Jerseyite, he is a graduate of Rutgers University; of his college days he has told in an autobiographical volume which also tells very simply and matter-of-factly how he bested the cerebral palsy which was the result of a brain injury at birth. His childhood had been a matter of many hospitals until a day when an old German doctor exploded that all that child needed was education and plenty of it. Earl Miers has proved the physician right many times over; his career in college and since has been brilliant. He began his editorial work at Rutgers in 1934, the year after graduation, went to Westminster Press as fiction editor in 1942, and back to Rutgers in 1944 as director of the University Press. He has been an editor with Knopf since 1949 and admits cheerfully that being an editor and a writer is a schizophrenic existence. So far, however, he has been able to manage the potential split personality with ease. He takes deep and active interest in various kinds of welfare work in his residential New Jersey for those handicapped both physically and socially. He thinks his wife and three youngsters are saintly and patient to endure a writer husband and father; a book that takes two years to research and write is a strain on any family. But from our own corner we'd amend that to include the luck of having a witty, far-ranging, and compassionate mind like his around the house.

—K. S.

Not an Easy War

APPEAL TO ARMS: A Military History of the American Revolution. By Willard M. Wallace. New York: Harper & Bros. 308 pp. $4.50.

By George F. Scheer

FORTUNATELY, the shot heard round the world was not loud enough to startle official London into a firm unity of effort for subjugating the rebellious colonies in America. Had it been, says Mr. Wallace, the judicious author of this short new work on that ancient war, England could have won the Revolution handily. As it turned out, she was slow to realize that her differences with the Americans never could be reconciled, the best of her military leadership never was committed to the cause, and maladministration of the war from London worsened with each passing year.

Thus it was that "thanks to their own blunders, the valor of their adversaries, the arrival of French military and financial assistance for the Americans, and the indominable will and gradually acquired skill of Washington the British lost the war." Compared with subsequent wars in which this country engaged, the author admits, the Revolution may appear almost trivial, but he points out that on the other hand, quite apart from its tremendous import as an economic and social upheaval, the conflict which wrought the downfall of the British military establishment and secured the political independence of the country was no inconsequential struggle; little armies settled the great issues of the war, and viewed in that perspective Bunker Hill, Saratoga, Guilford, and Yorktown are of enormous historical importance.

Of that War for Independence Mr. Wallace writes with skill and fervor. Not all was simple or easy for America; there is more than ample evidence of American incompetence, maladministration, villainy, mutiny, and civilian apathy. Victory in the Colonies was long-fought and hard-won. Although noble soldiers developed among the Colonials there were also prima donnas, turncoats, rascals, and squabblers. Among the British all shades existed, too. It is a large and diverse cast that Mr. Wallace carries easily and effectively through the bloody scenes from Breed's Hill to Yorktown, where at last "the amiable but ambitious earl with his insubordination, his blindness to sea power, and his flair for taking long chances" made himself "the chief architect of his own defeat."

Although his book is principally

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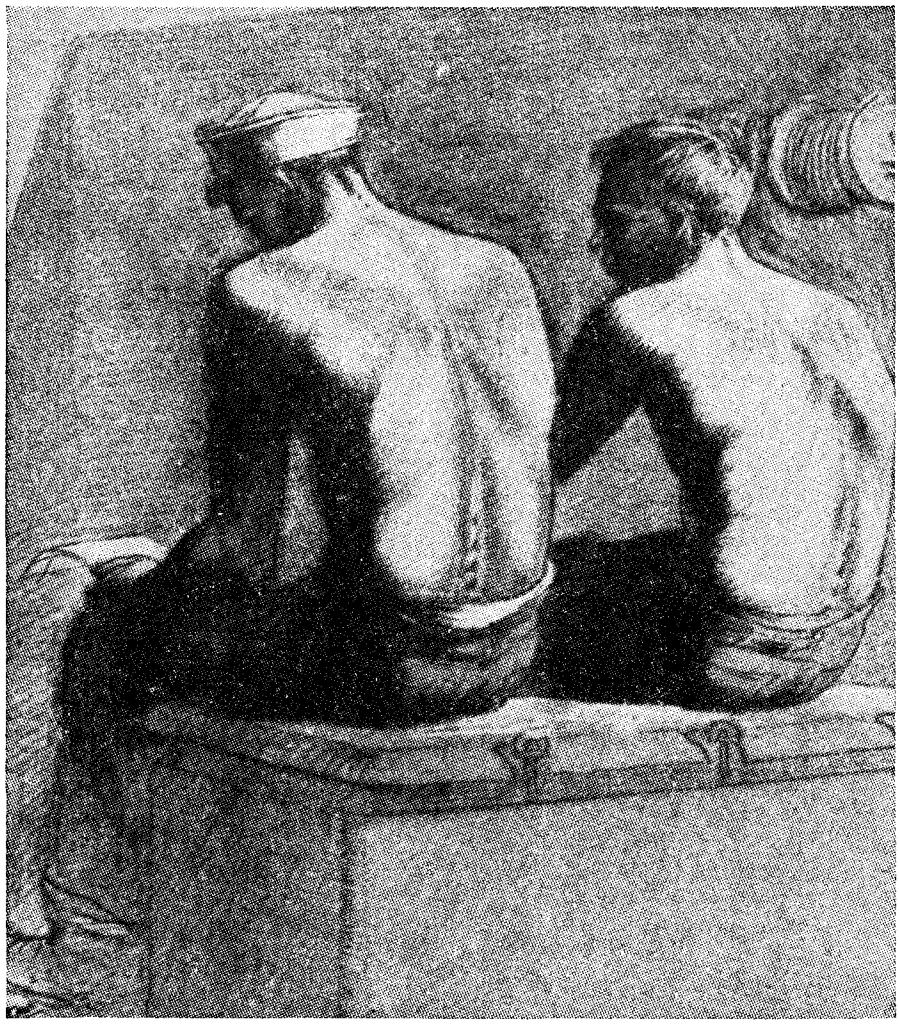
strategic and tactical history the author explores also all such correlated factors as transport and supply, including the story of the frequent haplessnesss of Congress, the greed and speculative cunning of suppliers, and the selfishness of official grafters. Mismanagement as well as the military exigencies of war forced American soldiers to stand naked and barefoot in the snow. Nor does Mr. Wallace fail to show how the British likewise suffered severely from poor supply, often the result of bungling and parsimony. By demonstrating that military history is lived in much broader terms than those of strategy and tactics alone he has enriched his narrative.

Mr. Wallace has the field to himself. The only other brief military history of the Revolution is Francis Vinton Greene's "The Revolutionary War and the Military Policy of the United States," published in 1911 and long out of print. This old stand-by of the student is now supplemented by a modern, much more engagingly written volume for the general reader. Mr. Wallace had a staggering amount of ground to cover in one volume; he has addressed himself to the challenge with vigor, and, although he seldom pauses to qualify statements, he usually makes the wisest interpretations of debatable questions.

Interestingly enough, like both the briefer and the more voluminous works of his predecessors, his book falters most in covering the Southern Campaign, in which the back of Britain was broken. Here it is marred by small errors. Perhaps the deplorable lack of good secondary studies of commanders and actions in this theatre has always contributed largely to such flaws in studies of the Revolution.

Specialists will question assertions such as that "Light Horse Harry" Lee accompanied Greene to the South in 1780; Rawdon persuaded Leslie to sail to the Cape Fear River when Cornwallis lay ill at Winnsborough, after King's Mountain; Lee massacred 300 Tories when he attacked Colonel Pyle; Greene would have made better dispositions of his troops at Guilford if he had known militia as well as Morgan did; Greene thought after Guilford that "he had ruined Cornwallis's little army"; Cornwallis "did not pursue" Greene beyond the ironworks across the Haw River after Guilford; Francis Marion took Georgetown on June 20, 1781.

Despite such errors and indifferent maps, "Appeal to Arms" is a good book. Mr. Wallace, a man with the temerity to attempt to tell the whole military history of the Revolution in 274 pages, has accomplished with notable success a monumental task of condensation.



—*From "Art in the Armed Forces."*

"Letter from Home," by Mitchell Jamieson, USNR.

Contented Submariners

BATTLE SUBMERGED. By Rear Admiral Harley Cope and Captain Walter Karig. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 244 pp. $3.75.

SINK 'EM ALL. By Charles A. Lockwood. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 416 pp. $5.

By Fletcher Pratt

"THE SUBMARINES beat Japan," Admiral Spruance, a man who was in a position to know, has said. How they did it has remained for the general public pretty much a matter of conjecture and statistics. Two of the best of the contemporary war narratives dealt with the subject, but both were held up by the censorship until hostilities were over and fell upon a public that treated them as yesterday's newspapers. Theodore Roscoe has produced an elaborate history of the submarine service, but it is too large and too expensive to have found its way into any but the most specialized libraries; and so these two new books may be regarded as the first real attempt to tell the story of the American submarines so that the average reader can understand it.

The books are quite different in approach, method of narration, and tone of voice. The Cope and Karig work is a cross-section; the authors chose outstanding examples of each of the different types of operation submarines engaged in and have narrated the individual experiences in detail, with the close attention to anecdotal values that has come to be associated with Captain Karig's name. Admiral Lockwood's book belongs in the category of personal narratives by high-ranking officers, but as he was head of Submarines Pacific during most of the war his personal narrative is history and there is no effort to make it anything else. There is very little of the

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personal in it and a great deal about the operations of United States submarines.

The first point that will strike any reader is the one emphasized by Karig and Cope—the extraordinary variety of the services performed by submarines. They not only sank Japanese merchant vessels and warships; they conducted reconnaissance for the fleet, mapped beachheads, carried guerrillas and agents to enemy territory, conducted shore bombardments, rescued downed aviators, plotted enemy mine fields, laid mines and transported raiding parties, all in a manner that points to the submarine as the true maid of all naval work in any future conflict. The only question is whether the success of our submarines was due more to the efficiency of the boats themselves or to the inefficiency of the anti-submarine methods that the Japanese used.

It is not likely that the reader will be able to deduce the answer to this question from either book. Both refer to the submarine as "the silent service" in the manner that has become almost a fetish in the Navy, and there is evidence in both books of a certain amount of fudging the details. To be sure, Admiral Lockwood tells fairly and fully the story of the disgraceful ineffectiveness of American torpedoes and the struggle to get weapons that really worked, unsuccessful until 1944. He gives the details of the sinking of the tug *Extractor*. He frankly voices his annoyance over the bombing of American submarines by American planes. But there are a couple of incidents that he simply forgets, and when it comes to dealing with the submarines of World War III (there is a chapter on the subject in each book) all three authors have little to offer but general statement.

However, the concealments are minor. Admiral Lockwood's book at least deserves a high rank as history both because of its readability and because the operations of Submarines Pacific are better and more intelligently described than in even the monumental Roscoe tome. Handling submarines was not merely a matter of sending them to a likely area and hoping that something would come along. The dates, compositions, and probable routes of convoys were studied with the most minute care. Airplane scouts got into the picture, safety areas had to be established for the exit of the submarines from harbor and their return, and there was some fairly elaborate dovetailing connected with such matters as submarines communicating with one another and the morale and health of crews.

It emerges fairly clearly from both books that insistence upon the last item was the basic reason for the success of the American submarine service, which was the most surprising event of the Naval war. The Germans had better submarines, the Russians were more numerous, the Japanese had greater numbers and better weapons, the Italians had better opportunities; yet the American submarine service, which was not rated particularly highly by the world's navies when the war began, proved more destructive than all four of these others put together and paid for it with far less loss. Why? Because the men in the boats were trained like watchmakers and conditioned like boxers. Foreign navies sneered at the "luxury" of our submarines, and there were not wanting a few critical voices in our own service, but after reading these two books no one can miss the fact that the torpedoes which sank the Japanese empire came from contented submariners.

Of course, this was not the only factor. Admiral Lockwood details the care he took of his crews, his struggles to provide the submarines with a deck gun that would be some use, and his efforts to make good the faulty torpedoes. But he modestly evades taking the credit that belongs to him for his skilful, strategic handling of his craft and for such bold and successful decisions as that to attack Japanese destroyers. When that decision was taken the Japs were done; and one can find the details of how this worked out in either book.

Fletcher Pratt is the author of "The Marines' War," "Preble's Boys," "Live for Glory: Commodore Preble and the Birth of American Sea Power," and other works on naval history. He has also written a series of books on the Napoleonic wars and empire.

Charles A. Lockwood—"bold decisions."

Arms & The Man Notes

SCIENTISTS AT WAR. By Wilfrid Eggleston. Oxford University Press. $4. This book tells the story of research conducted by the Canadian National Research Council during World War II. If it had been published three or four years ago it could be regarded simply as an interesting account of past achievements in military science. In the light of the Korean War and the national emergency, however, it may be as much a picture of things to come as a historical record. Wilfrid Eggleston, Ottawa correspondent of *The Manchester Guardian*, describes all the intricate technology of measure, countermeasure, and counter-countermeasure crammed into five years of intensive research and development.

For sheer fantasy there is nothing to surpass Operation Habakkuk in the annals of military science. The name refers to the Biblical prophet who promised: "For I will work a work in your days, which ye will not believe, though it be told you." The project originated in 1942 as a 100-page report suggesting that cheap aircraft carriers be constructed out of floating ice-masses. Churchill gave an enthusiastic go-ahead, and hundreds of scientists were soon studying beams of pure ice with and without reinforcing wood and straw. The project was dropped after more than a year of study, because the artificial ice floes would have cost more—and taken longer to build—than conventional carriers.

Operation Habakkuk failed, but schemes that seemed equally fantastic succeeded — the atom bomb, radar, electronic proximity fuses, and other developments in which Canadian scientists played important roles. Some scientific histories of the last war have been cluttered with detail. Mr. Eggleston's history is a model of concise, fast-moving reporting and will hold the interest of scientists and laymen alike. —JOHN E. PFEIFFER.

THE WAR WITHOUT GRANT. By Robert R. McCormick. The Bond Wheelwright Co., New York. $7.50. Colonel McCormick here considers in concise form that part of the Civil War in which Grant did not participate. Like most writers on the military history of the War Between the States, he is not particularly interested in the operations in the West, except to set up a record of failure which Grant converted into victory. Sherman's campaigns in Georgia and Hood's invasion of Tennessee, which took place successively while Grant was engaged in his operations against Lee, are given three pages. Rosecrans's operations in Tennessee ending in his defeat at

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Chickamauga prepared the stage for Grant's victories that won for him the opportunity to see what he could do in Virginia against Lee. Operations in the lower Mississippi valley and in the trans-Mississippi receive bare mention.

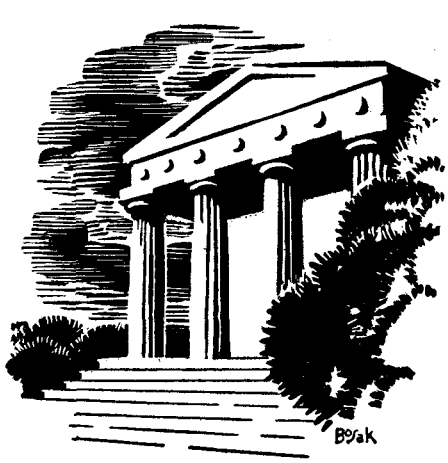
Most of the narrative is given over to an informative summary of the operations in Virginia and the Gettysburg campaign, including a chapter on the battles in The Wilderness as prepared and initiated by Grant. The Shenandoah campaign is barely mentioned.

Of Grant's predecessors in Virginia the author remarks that McClellan always "pretended he was doing something when he was not"; he was not only "incapable of fighting a battle; . . . he was incapable of planning one." Pope, whose fighting is to the author "inexplicable" was relieved after his defeat at the Second Bull Run when "councils of weakness prevailed," a somewhat contradictory view. Hooker "was not a competent or self-confident general in battle," and Meade, his successor, was "timid." Halleck to the author was a "pernicious chief," whom Grant, however, thought worth retaining.

Colonel McCormick's account is dogmatic but challenging. He thinks, for example, that if "Norfolk had been retained by Johnston [in May 1862] Lee would have captured McClellan's entire army." Perhaps if Johnston had retained Norfolk the campaign would have been conducted differently and Lee would not have had an opportunity to command against McClellan. Grant at The Wilderness "had broken [Lee's army] in three days," though his predecessors in two years of fighting had been unable to come near such an accomplishment. Such things as Grant's vastly superior numbers and resources are not mentioned.

There are forty-five four-color maps on twenty-one plates that are very helpful in following the text. There is an index but no bibliography.

—THOMAS ROBSON HAY.



Fiction. *For fiction readers who wish to understand Japanese history and civilization we recommend Bruce Lancaster's "Venture in the East," a fascinating historical novel of seventeenth-century Japan during the Shimabara Revolution, which eventually brought an end to Japanese isolation from the rest of the world, though it could not end its fear of domination by the white race. It is also a fascinating study of a colorful and precise medieval social system which had outlived its day. The rest of this week's offerings follow popular American literary traditions. Wright Morris's "Man and Boy" is a terse and effective novel about a Texas wife known to everyone including her husband as Mother and is a fine example of strong men cowering under the ruthless power of the little woman. Then there is a typical underworld suspense novel, "Little Men, Big World," by W. R. Burnett, and an excellent collection of stories, "Collier's Best," suited to almost everyone's taste except our professed intellectuals.*

Nineteen for the Easy Chair

COLLIER'S BEST. Selected and edited by Knox Burger. New York: Harper & Bros. 299 *pp.* $3.

By CHARLES LEE

THIS book will come as a revelation to long-hair readers who believe (without troubling themselves to investigate) that "slick magazine" writing is a combination of mechanical artifice, quantity commercialism, and intellectual pabulum.

True, there is some fluffy nonsense in these nineteen stories selected from those published in *Collier's* during 1949 and 1950. There is some creaking contrivance. But no sampling, whether of a magazine or of the product of a single writer, will ever satisfy all readers. Too many tastes, emotions, minds, experiences, and culture levels are involved. The best that can be hoped for is that most readers drawn to a given offering will remain to turn pages.

Mr. Burger chose these stories in the first place because they made him, an old eye at the game, reach for his easy chair instead of a rejection slip. Chances are that what he found touching or amusing (with exceptions to be made by all readers) will touch and amuse others in search of the emotional diversion to be found in short stories. "Collier's Best" is very good indeed, and if you like to turn pages for entertainment you will get your fair share of exercise.

The stories range from froth to tragedy, from the well-made plot to the illuminating incident, from pleasant tomfooleries of escape to pained intensities of reality. Each is prefaced by a commentary jointly devised by author and editor and containing pertinent information about the story's origin and purpose and the writer's own views of his craft. As might be expected, the technical tips are as varied as the stories themselves; a healthy "roll-your-own" attitude is very much in evidence.

There is not space to touch on all of the fine stories in Mr. Burger's collection. Lawrence Williams's ingenious and fundamentally instructive story of a high-powered huckster, "The Rise of Carthage," will set many a quiver going along Ulcer Row. Jack Weeks's "Summer's Ending," the candid story of a young boy confronted by the disruptions of divorce, is almost intolerably poignant in its shrewd shafting into the heart. Equally moving is Howard Maier's short but masterful tale, "The Red Dog."

All is not unhappy, of course, in the stories. William Scott's "The Pest," born out of an unhappy memory of family dislocation, ends on a note of infectious well-being. Jack Finney's "Breakfast in Bed" is a clever conversation-piece between a delightfully articulate couple, Al Hine's "The Kissing Kind" examines the mores of upper-crust teen-age life with just the right notes of glibness and glitter, and John D. Weaver's "Second Table" is a regional story as rich in tough humors as it is in flavor.

Mr. Burger's general introduction answers dozens of questions the aspiring writer would like to ask the editor of one of the nation's top magazines.

Charles Lee is author of "Almanac of Reading" and editor of "Snow, Ice, and Penguins."

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Mobsters Eat High

LITTLE MEN, BIG WORLD. By W. R. Burnett. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 308 pp. $3.

By David Dressler

THIS new novel by the author of "Little Caesar" and fifteen other books is a story about organized crime in a big city, told in the tradition of a Western movie. In those sagas rather unbelievable bad guys work for a behind-the-scenes chief known to them only as the Voice. The good guys chase an intermediary usually called Ace but eventually discover and unmask the Voice, who of course is the town banker.

Mr. Burnett's characters don't rustle cattle, but they are traditionalized underworld-classical style people. Leon Sollas, who runs a night club with gambling attached, is reputedly kingpin of the underworld, actually merely a front man for several shadowy figures. Real head man is the Mover, whose true identity is known to only a very few—like Arky, principal character of this novel.

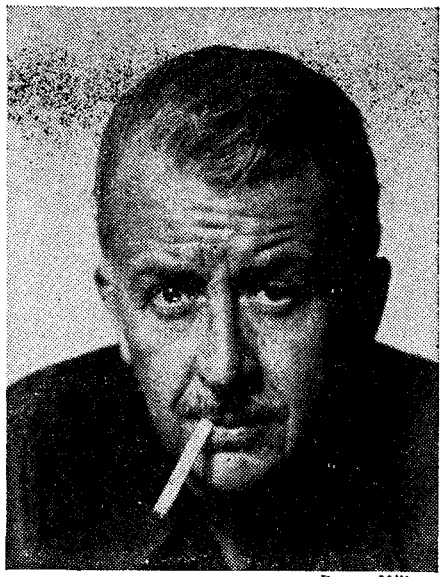
Arky is bagman and field general for the boss, collecting tribute from the boys in sharp business so that the Mover may buy them protection. He can do it, too. He can get mayors and police commissioners appointed. Should some naive interloper open a brothel or gambling emporium his place is knocked off by a suddenly zealous constabulary.

All is well, and the goose hangs high and drips gravy—until through some misjudgment the Mover permits the appointment of Thomas Stark as police commissioner. Stark, stubbornly incorruptible, gives the mobsters and his own venal underlings the pip.

An out-of-town combination tries to muscle in. This the Mover does not like. Follows: gunfire, disappearing gangsters; reappearing gangsters; double-crosses; and double-double-crosses. Arky has a belly full of trouble; he also almost gets a belly full of lead.

This Arky is quite a character. Product of the Ozarks, he sometimes talks like the uneducated Arkansan he is, sometimes like a Harvard '28. He has a heart of gold. His loyalty to the Mover is something beautiful. He is good to his employees and to Anna, the woman with whom he lives.

Anna, a slightly blowzy blonde, has a heart of gold, too. She's one of those classically rough, bluff characters with a secret desire for a framed marriage certificate. When she takes a relative's baby into the house you can just about predict the result. Arky fumes but in no time at all is so fond of the infant that it's tough to tear himself away, strap on his gun, and go out on business.



—*Penny Hillyer.*

W. R. Burnett—"some tense scenes."

Business gets hotter and hotter. The good guys unmask the Mover. The out-of-town mob and Arky's forces come to grips. There are some tense scenes, fast action. The good guys cause a lot of trouble—but why give the plot away?

A newspaperman, Reisman, flits in and out of the book, trying to figure out who is the real boss of organized crime. The reader finds out long before he does, but then Reisman has ulcers. Usually newsmen know who a Mover is. They may not be able to print it, but they know.

Mr. Burnett's message seems to be: where there is municipal corruption organized mobsters eat high on the hawg, as we say in Arkansas.

David Dressler, editor of the magazine Saga, *is author of "Parole Chief."*

—*Robert Frank.*

Wright Morris—"crystal prose."

Mother—Phooey & Viva

MAN AND BOY. By Wright Morris. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 212 pp. $3.50.

By Carl Victor Little

M-O-T-H-E-R! Take them all together and they spell the inevitable winner in the Battle of the Sexes; the formidable, neatly corseted Menace who with a nod, look, or gesture turns us once dominant males into mice; the Belladonna in the shasta daisy hat whom someone ages ago called a member of the Weaker Sex in an ironical, if not downright sarcastic or nasty, moment.

Phil Wylie called her Mom before he went soft in his most recent book and wept sympathetically and un-Wylielike for the so-called Lost Sex. Whistler painted her inaccurately—imagine the embattled Mother of today sitting in a rocking chair with a shawl draped over her spare shoulders! You know the Mother I mean, so admit it now Mother's Day is over.

Wright Morris, too, knows Mother, the archetype who could only happen in—and to—America. His portrait in this novel is often cruel, howbeit poisonously accurate. Mother Ormsby comes to life here so belligerently, making such a pipsqueak of Husband Warren Ormsby, that author Morris all but incites you to violence against Mother.

But Mr. Morris has a sneaking admiration for Mother. He even understands why Mother must be that way. If she doesn't push around her man and men generally she will be pushed around herself. Offense is the best defense in any war. Take Mother Ormsby, for example. As a girl of nine she visited her uncle in Amarillo, Texas. As soon as she alighted from the buggy a dirty little anti-social boy dashed up and brandished a dagger made of glass.

The one who was to become Mother—and later make Warren Ormsby quake and drive son Virgil from home and into the Navy, where he was killed—knocked the boy ruffian flat without further adieu. At that time, Author Morris says, Mother "knew what she knew, and that it would stand by her for life." It did.

Warren Ormsby is one of the millions of red-blooded he-men (to hear them talk when Mother isn't around) who call their wives Mother. Or refer to it as Mother's house, Mother's nice clean floor, Mother's front yard, Mother's refrigerator or dining-room suite.

"Mother, mother, mother, she's not your mother, she's your wife! Mother, phooey!" Thus protests Private Lipido, a diminutive Texan who attaches

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himself to Ormsby as Mother is feeding the pigeons between trains. But, take it from this Texan reviewer, Lipido is talking out of character. We Texans, despite the "where-men-are-men" myth, are as Mother-ridden, woman-cowed, and apron-tied as the so-called men in any other province under the American Matriarchy.

Mr. Morris details one day in the life of the Ormsbys, the big day in which Mother christens the U.S.S. *Virgil Ormsby* in honor of her heroic son—not in all the Navy communications Mr. Ormsby's son but always Mrs. Ormsby's. Mother so defrosts the Navy brass at the christening that the Texan Lipido, so recently anti-Mother, cries, "Viva, Mother!" Thus the author capitulates, comes out for the side with the biggest artillery—Mother's.

Mr. Morris writes a crisp, simple prose. His is almost basic English, but he doesn't get affected about it and uses two- or three-syllable words on occasions when needed. While enjoying this outstanding piece of fiction you have the illusion you are watching pantomime instead of reading. Mother raps on the clothes chute—and Father, downstairs, knows exactly what that rap means. Mother points a finger—and Warren puts out the suet for the dear birdies. This is the least windy, wordy book I've read for months and months.

I recommend this for all but professional writers. The latter probably would be sunk in the funk of frustration by the startling example of the crystal prose of a man who rose to national prominence as a photographer before he took pen in hand to show us all that prose need not be muddled and verbose, that it could even be made to say something if not allowed to talk itself to death.

Carl Victor Little is literary editor and columnist for The Houston Press.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

ENGLISH NOVELIST (1816-1855)

After identifying the fifteen well-known literary characters briefly described below print their names in the spaces just above the descriptions. The initial letters of the characters' names will spell the name of a famous English novelist. Allowing twenty-five points for the name of the novelist and five points for each character identified, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 32.

1. — — — — — — — — — —
   A prophetess without honor, even though accurate.
2. — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — —
   She ran a cent-shop in the House of Seven Gables.
3. — — — — — — — — — — — — — — —
   He plays Watson to Nero Wolfe.
4. — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — —
   A moonstone was stolen from her on the eve of her birthday.
5. — — — — — — —
   Disreputable but charming side-show barker.
6. — — — — — — — —
   He avenged his father's death by killing his mother.
7. — — — — — — — — —
   Religious hypocrite and imposer.
8. — — — — — — — — —
   He craved fruit juice but couldn't get it.
9. — — — — — — — — — — — — —
   The clever lawyer wore a stovepipe hat and was fond of fishing.
10. — — — — — — — — — — —
    He disguised himself as a headless horseman.
11. — — — — — — — —
    This hermit showed a simple-minded girl how to put the devil in hell.
12. — — — — — — —
    Duke of Illyria who married his "page-boy."
13. — — — — — —
    In the Old Testament, the mother-in-law of Ruth.
14. — — — — —
    Famed Norwegian hammer-thrower.
15. — — — — — — — — — — — — —
    Heroine of "The Lady of the Lake."

Japanese Adventure

VENTURE IN THE EAST. By Bruce Lancaster. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 317 pp. $3.

By Lucy Herndon Crockett

THIS is more than a story of historical adventure involving a beautiful, impetuous girl and a young man with all the usual requisites for a fiction hero. "Venture in the East" helps to explain the unique phenomenon of an entire nation which has managed to carry a medieval mentality smack into the twentieth century, despite a final hundred years of frenzied attempt to catch up.

In 1640 Japan had been open for a century to very limited and tendrilous foreign influences. These—religious and commercial—entered from Kyushu and were largely concentrated in a few ports and missionary centers on that island. But the country's interest in the outside world was tempered by an acute fear of foreign aggression. As a result of the lamentable Shimabara Rebellion, about which "Venture in the East" is concerned, inexorable barriers to change were lowered.

It is almost impossible to conceive of an entire nation, highly civilized according to its own culture, cutting itself off so completely even from its closest neighbors. Anyone traveling in occupied Japan who wonders at the tenaciousness of old customs and habits of thought, despite the evidence of the most extravagant modernisms (except for the introduction of electricity a room in any Japanese home today might appear exactly as it would have two hundred, three hundred, even a thousand years ago), can find the key in the self-imposed trance in which the nation for centuries was suspended.

Mr. Lancaster re-creates the Dutch East India colony at Hirada on Kyushu before and during the Shimabara Rebellion. There is the blustering, bigoted director of the Hirada office, making no attempt to understand the highly complex people with whom he deals. There is the colorful and historical figure of François Caron, the astute Frenchman who admirably serves the Company. There is young and handsome Dirk Jongh, also friend of the Japanese; and, of course, beautiful Trudy Van Os, who, like the well-intentioned heroines of movie thrillers, invariably mananges to blunder into a ticklish situation and further louse it up. All are violently and almost fatally involved in the Shimabara Rebellion.

Whether a young woman of good family dressed as a Japanese would

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get around as freely as Trudy did is questionable. One has only to read from "The Tale of Genji" to realize in what literal imprisonment of manners and modes and mental outlook well-bred women existed. The medieval female dress alone (and seventeenth-century Japan was in every respect medieval), with its dozen or so voluminous layers of kimono, simply did not permit of physical movement.

But to this reader, at least, such anachronisms—largely limited to the activities of the restless Trudy—are not important. What is of intense interest throughout "Venture in the East" is the way the book brings alive the old prints we have all seen of spectacular Daimyo processions, of samurai grimacing in ferociously ornate armor, of villages and tea houses and clumsy sailing vessels. The torture and other customary brutalities are also presented.

Perhaps most fascinating of all is the graphic portrayal of the deviousness of thought and manners that was (and is) instinctive with every Japanese—a deviousness born of distrust when every stranger was suspect as a spy, when every Daimyo and Shogun lived in minute-to-minute fear of his life, and even costume was designed deliberately to inhibit sudden physical movement—such as the drawing of a sword; when direct speech was not only bad manners but possibly dangerous. The evasiveness or, as we more commonly call it, "insincerity," which so exasperates us in present-day Japanese, has valid basis in a tradition of suspicion, only since the Allied Occupation rendered unnecessary.

The many Japanese expressions throughout the book are introduced painlessly.

Lucy Herndon Crockett is the author of "Popcorn on the Ginza" and "Teru: A Tale of Yokohama."

Fiction Notes

THE ENCLOSURE. By Ethan Ayer. Little, Brown. $3. The Enclosure might have been anywhere, in any spot where money and pride-of-more-than-one-generation possession added up to snobbery. Actually it lay on Boston's North Shore, the series of well-graveled drives leading away from one imposing gate toward larger or smaller estates, toward the sea, toward houses of varying magnificence and architectural horror.

This is a novel of changing social customs, of lives changed as pretty Ella Stacy's was when she returned

(*Continued on page* 29)

Asia. *Now that the American people are recovering from the emotional catharsis allowed them by l'affaire MacArthur some of the more thoughtful are looking to books for sober analyses of the situation in Japan and China. Unhappily, none of the latest crop quite fills the bill. Allan S. Clifton's "Time of Fallen Blossoms" and David H. James's "Rise and Fall of the Japanese Empire" are highly personalized accounts of present-day Nippon with some historical background. A novel of the week, Bruce Lancaster's "Venture in the East" (page 14), is a commendable reconstruction of Japan three centuries ago. Roy Chapman Andrews's "Heart of Asia" is a book of masculine daydreams, unabashedly intended for entertainment. Freda Utley's "The China Story" is a deadly serious — and highly emotional — critique of American policy that has caused some readers to conclude that "everybody's out of step but Freda."*

Blue Tigers & Eternal Rocks

HEART OF ASIA. By Roy Chapman Andrews. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 224 *pp.* $3.

By JOHN W. VANDERCOOK

THIS book is as unashamedly For Men as the first door on the left just down the hall. Roy Chapman Andrews—as all writers should—writes first of all for himself. These twelve "True Tales of the Far East," as they are described in the subtitle, are pages from the book of his own life. Since it has been as varied, as downright wonderful a life as anyone of our time has led there was evident relish in remembering those pages. If Mr. Andrews thought of his audience —as all writers must—it was of that Lost Majority of the merely masculine who neither traditionally dream of settling in North Africa nor are content to spend their days in cursing Officers. Surely, it is significant of *something* that tales with that intention have about them today a touch of the old-fashioned. A beguiling touch it is.

Only one of the dozen, an account of a "modern" Chinese bandit chieftain who in the moment of astonishing climax reveals an Asiatic heart and mind as ancient, as incomprehensible—and as hard—as one of Mr. Andrews's own dinosaur eggs, is in any technical sense a "story." Mr. Andrews, sensibly, is not concerned here with literary definitions. A "tale" to him, as it has been to roving men since time began, is a reminiscence of an exciting hour, of a moment of acute danger.

Three of the tales are about hunting. Like many, but by no means all, explorers, Andrews has a passion for that elemental sport. He has frequently lived for it and has often nearly died of it. The game Roy Andrews sought in his capacity as collector for the American Museum of Natural History was the biggest of the big and the rarest of the rare—a "blue" tiger; an all but fabulous golden musk-ox from the high country of South China; a Shansi mountain ram with a world's record growth of horn. Each pursuit was hard, perilous. The accounts are not embellished. The strange truth—that life is best when it comes closest to extinction and that the best of men are happiest in circumstances the sedentary would imagine were the most acutely miserable—is not explained. Perhaps it can't be. Yet truth it is.

Twice he writes of dogs. No one except a dog could be sure, but Roy Chapman Andrews's apparent insight into the dog-mind and dog-emotions is so remarkable as to have overtones of a kind of barbarous poetry. To this reviewer one of the tales, called simply Dog Fight, is curiously shocking. A civilized dog meets an uncivilized, an obviously socially inferior dog in a battle to the death. The civilized dog wins because the teeth of its antagonist "only grated fruitlessly across the razor-sharp spikes of his broad collar." Yet the inference is plain; the reader

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is still supposed to think the Western dog was "better." No doubt it doesn't pay to be too nice about these things. Perhaps in a realistic world only underdogs fail to wear spiked collars.

The best of the twelve tales are about people. Andrews sees his Mongol princes and huntsmen, his Chinese peasants at eye level, not from any artificial eminence. He likes and respects them, as he loves and knows their harsh and barren land. He imparts the secret, that he learned long ago, of supremely successful travel, which is to voyage not just in space but time. One hears the rattle of the hoofbeats of the Mongol ponies, the crack of rifles among the dry, eternal rocks. The world of chimneys, wheels, and walls is effaced in a brown swirl of dust. The centuries roll back; life is bright and cruel and queerly good again.

In such a work as this the protagonist is, of course, the author. He is always present, but since this particular author is modest and straightforward there is no self-analysis. Roy Chapman Andrews likes to think of himself as a simple man: "I am a primitive at heart; I find my happiness in seeking out the wildest and most inaccessible corners of the earth. The spirit of adventure! Without that life would be a poor thing to me."

He is not a simple man. Nor, read with any perception, is his book.

John W. Vandercook's most recent book is "The Great Sailor: The Life of Captain James Cook."

Understanding the Conquered

TIME OF FALLEN BLOSSOMS. By Allan S. Clifton. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 239 pp. $3.

By Pamela Taylor

THIS is an extraordinary "war book"; for war book it is, although the period in his military service which Allan Clifton writes about is 1946 in Japan and his duties were with the occupation forces. It answers for one man some of the questions that must have occurred to all of us in these last few years—what happens when the people who were so recently enemies and unknown become groups, individuals, personalities? How much can the preconceived ideas built up by the hatreds of war be rearranged for the sake of cooperation and mutual endeavor?

Allan Clifton landed in Japan with the horrors of what he had seen in North Borneo still fresh in his mind. At home in his native Australia he had studied Japanese for years, a hobby that had led him to join the Australian Army Intelligence as an interpreter shortly after Pearl Harbor. He had been with the United States GHQ in Australia, had been censor in Japanese for the states of South Australia and Victoria for eighteen months. He had gone into North Borneo in 1945 with the Ninth Australian Infantry Division, had negotiated surrender terms with Japanese garrisons there, and taken part in the preliminary War Criminal Trials at Labuan. All that he had seen and heard made him feel that the brutality of the white men when at last they were conquerors and "getting back some of their own" was more than justified.

Then in January 1946 he was sent to Hiroshima with the Australian occupation forces. It was a strange, tragic, and dramatic time to visit a country with which the hobby of so many years had fascinated him. "Many people come to praise the cherry trees in bloom, but they are truly kind who visit them after the blossoms are fallen" runs the Japanese poem from which he takes his title.

Because he could write, read, and speak Japanese he could move about among the people themselves a great deal more than most of the occupation forces, and many of his assignments took him into outlying districts and small towns; during his off-duty hours he took excursions, followed up some contacts from his Australian days. He had none of the luxurious living which we have heard about; his quarters were austere, his food simple; his personal possessions were wiped out entirely in a barracks fire. But gradually the individual qualities of the people, their dignity, their courtesy, their inventiveness and quick responsiveness to beauty, the gaiety and eager friendliness of the children, the ceremonious and attractive reasonableness of Japanese life came to delight him more and more. "I am happy. 15 August 1946" he wrote on the bare wall of his room, and each month until his departure in December he added ditto marks.

His adventures were varied, dangerous, funny, heartbreaking. He came with distress to learn something of the brutality of his fellow Australians in a land they neither could nor would comprehend. He was never in danger from Japanese, but Koreans and drunken Australians were another story. As interpreter for John Hersey he was to learn much about the actual atomic blast.

This is neither a sentimental nor an unthinking estimate of the Japanese. Like his brilliant fellow colonial William Plomer, he gives us a fascinating and understanding picture. He has done so, he writes, after considerable hesitation, having concluded that "all the libraries of hate books, all the ostracism and unforgiving exclusionism will not bring back one dead soldier or salve the wounds of the maimed; it could dig the graves of their children."

—From "China in Black and White."

"Yunnan Goatherd," by Huang Yung-tsan.

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Prison-Eye View

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE JAPANESE EMPIRE. By David H. James. New York: The Macmillan Co. 409 pp. $5.

By Edwin O. Reischauer

"THE REALISM of World War II had not disturbed the serenity of cosmopolitan Singapore when I landed from *Capetown Castle* on 3rd August, 1941." With these words David H. James commences a most interesting account of the war against Japan as seen from his post as a combat Intelligence officer with the ill-fated British forces in Malaya and subsequently as a prisoner of war in Malaya and then for almost two years in the Omori Prisoner of War Camp on the outskirts of Tokyo.

Unfortunately, it is not until page 191 of his book that Captain James starts this personal account. Up until that point he has burdened his pages with a rambling, badly organized, and at points wildly inaccurate account of Japanese history from its mythical beginnings to 1941. Out of charity, reviewer and reader alike might best ignore that part of the book. Captain James should have left the history of Japan in the more competent hands of his countryman Sir George Sansom and restricted himself to the field of personal reminiscences. It is a pity that he did not preface his record of his war experiences with an account of his storybook life in the Far East and other distant parts of the world before 1941. It seems probable that he could have found some things of interest to tell about his experiences as a child in Kobe of the 1880's, as a gold miner in Alaska in the gold-rush days, as an observer with the Japanese Army in Korea and Manchuria during the Russo-Japanese War, as an overseer of Chinese labor in the Rand Gold Mines in South Africa ("during my stay in the Transvaal [I] saw service with the Imperial Light Horse in the Zulu Campaign of 1906"), as a traveling steel salesman in China, Manchuria, Siberia, Korea, and Japan from 1908 to 1913, as a collector of river taxes on the Yangtse, as a collector of the salt tax in Manchuria, and as a supervisor of Chinese labor groups in France during the First World War.

Shortly after Captain James arrived in Singapore in August 1941 he was sent with an Indian battalion to Borneo. There he made some frank and forthright comments to his superiors on the unsound military situation and was summarily recalled to Malaya, arriving in time for the Japanese invasion. He has some distressing sidelights on the lack of teamwork and the collapse of morale among certain units during the Singapore debacle. After the surrender, because of his knowledge of spoken and written Japanese, Captain James became a key intermediary between the imprisoned British troops and their captors, and when later he was removed to Omori he again served his fellow prisoners as their official spokesman and as their secret collector of news from purloined Japanese newspapers.

Captain James's remarkably successful exploits as a clandestine news-

paperman and his extraordinary prison-eye view of the Pacific War from the heart of the Japanese Empire afford the most interesting part of his account. He, of course, has much to tell of the brutality of the Japanese prison guards, although he points out that "they did not break any of their own regulations" and he comments that "from first to last there was not a single incident involving civilians and prisoners of war." Although no admirer of the Japanese or their civilization, Captain James reserves his harshest comments for the "gospel of destruction" spread by the planes of Western civilization. He and his fellow prisoners had ringside seats for the destruction of Tokyo, and through their stolen newspapers they managed to learn of the destruction of the other cities of Japan and of the dropping of the great new "land-mine" on Hiroshima. And, though himself a helpless victim of Japanese brutality, he states that he "never will be convinced that it was necessary to use the atomic bomb, least of all on Nagasaki so soon after Hiroshima." Whatever may be the validity of his judgment on this and other matters Captain James has given a vivid picture of the war from an unusual and illuminating point of view. His story deserves a better fate than to have been buried behind a useless account of Japanese history and to have been disfigured by a very poor job of editing and proofreading.

Edwin O. Reischauer is an associate professor at Harvard and attached to the Harvard-Yenching Institute. He wrote "Japan Past and Present" and "The United States and Japan."

Pro-Kuomintang

THE CHINA STORY. By Freda Utley. Chicago: Henry Regnery Co. 274 pp. $3.50.

By Derk Bodde

THIS book presents a by now thoroughly familiar interpretation of recent Chinese history: the Kuomintang collapsed not because of its own inadequacy but because of insufficient American military aid, which in turn was caused by the pro-Communist attitude of many Americans, both in and out of the American Government.

To bolster this thesis the author cites—often with small regard for context—a wide variety of sources, including the State Department's White Paper on China. In so doing she is careful to exclude any evidence that might point to a different conclusion. It would take a lengthy article to analyze all the resulting distortions and inaccuracies. Typical is the way she quotes a few sentences from a report of Major General David Barr, commander of the U. S. Advisory Group in Nanking, which in themselves might seem partially to absolve the Kuomintang forces of poor morale. At the same time she ignores another much more typical comment by General Barr in the same White Paper:

> No battle has been lost since my arrival due to lack of ammunition or equipment. Their military debacles in my opinion can all be attributed to the world's worst leadership and many other morale-destroying factors that led to a complete loss of will to fight.

Similarly, she quotes Ambassador Leighton Stuart as reporting on July 1, 1947 that "persons in direct contact with the Nationalist troops in rural areas state there are insufficient small arms and ammunition to arm all combatant troops in the field." She does not, however, quote what he then goes on to say:

> The Communists also are underarmed, but by guerrilla tactics and surprise night attacks they are able to cause greater loss of weapons and expenditure of ammunition by the Nationalists than by themselves. Nationalist southern military forces and civil administrators conduct themselves in Manchuria as conquerors, not as fellow countrymen, and have imposed a "carpet-bag" regime of unbridled exploitation upon areas under their control.

Whenever there happens to be some statement which, though too extreme to be easily substantiated, is deemed favorable to her cause Miss Utley's procedure is to quote it without, however, herself explicitly endorsing its

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Book Business Looks at Itself

LESTER ASHEIM

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following article by Lester Asheim of the University of Chicago summarizes the proceedings of a conference of social scientists and book publishers recently sponsored by the Committee on Reading Development of the American Book Publishers Council to discuss the role of the serious book in American life. Three articles inspired by this discussion have already appeared in* SRL: *"Bookworms and the Social Soil," by David Riesman (May 5), "Who Reads What & Why?" by Bernard Berelson (May 12), "Book Publishing: A Dubious Utopia," by Harold K. Guinzburg (May 26).*

IT HAS been said that no other large business knows less about itself than does the book industry, and the questions raised in the conference seem to support the truth of that assertion. Members of the industry—not only publishers but distributors, book-sellers, librarians, reviewers, and the like—know very little about which books sell and which will not, about what methods are best for promoting a book, what outlets are most successful, what factors are instrumental in success or failure. Yet if they knew more definitely who reads and for what purposes and from what sources and through what influences and under what circumstances the publication of the serious book might be less of a gamble.

The publishers of the 25-cent paperbound book, since they deal primarily in reprints and with a less diversified audience, have been able to carry on a program of market research in the last few years which has resulted in more impressive results than the general industry has ever been able to achieve. But there are still many questions that need to be answered. What, for example, accounts for the unprecedented sale of the 25-cent book? One publisher believes that accessibility is the single important factor. Quarter books are always available to the impulse buyer, without barriers of space, time, and inconvenience between the consumer and the product. According to one analysis of quarter-book sales the number of titles sold actually averages only about one title per day per outlet; it is the large number of outlets from which they are available which accounts for the large sales figures.

But the range of sale is wide, and, while it is true that many purchasers are reading because the quarter book is more accessible than any other, a true picture of sales indicates that approximately 10 per cent of the outlets account for about 70 per cent of the purchases. The question arises whether many of the sales of the paperbounds are not accounted for, after all, by the usual buyers of books through their usual book sources and whether the "new" users of books won by the less typical book outlets are in reality so major a part of the total sales picture. Since the regular book buyer can buy ten to fifteen paper-bounds for the price of one hard-cover novel it is possible that the number of copies of quarter books sold could be much larger than that of the regular trade editions without reaching more people. Price therefore cannot be divorced from accessibility in evaluating the wide appeal of the paper-bound; it is fairly certain that a five-dollar book would not equal the sales figures reached by a 25-cent book even if it were made available at every newsstand, dimestore, and drug store counter.

Format is another factor which may be important. Data already exist which demonstrate that certain books which do not sell can be made successful, without altering their content or titles, by merely changing their cover design. Other aspects of the book's physical appearance may also influence readership. Is part of the quarter book's appeal its size and ephemeral character? Do people welcome a book which departs sufficiently from the traditional form to permit them to discard it without a qualm? If changes in format do appeal perhaps in the near future the book on all price levels will be a different thing from the hardcover, wide-margined, well-bound book of the present.

The established popularity of the titles and the subject matter chosen for publication as quarter books may also be as important to the size of their sales as are accessibility, price, or format. The paper-bounds have not attempted to assume the responsibility of the serious publisher to keep open a channel for the new and untried author, for example. If they have pioneered it has been in seeking new audiences more than in developing new voices. And since studies undertaken for the industry show that there is a high correlation between "penetration" (familiarity with a title) and sale it may be that the success of the accessible and inexpensive reprint is really determined by the ready-made demand and subject interests upon which its publishers have capitalized.

An aspect of book content which has broad implications for both the publisher and the social scientist is that of children's literature. The publisher's responsibility goes beyond the mere problem of creating future book buyers; he also has a contribution to make to the development of responsible members of society. To help establish desirable and constructive social attitudes many publishers propose a shift away from fantastic stories for younger children and typical adventure and Western stories for youth. There are also champions of a completely opposite view, which advocates that the publishers retain and improve the Western rather than abolish it—on the grounds that books which stimulate the imagination and foster invention and fancy might in the long run be more desirable than the purely "practical" works. It would be very helpful to know which readers of which kind of book most frequently fall into that large group which gives up the reading of books upon completion of formal schooling.

The drop-off in book reading at the age of leaving school or shortly thereafter is one of the most consistent findings of all studies of the book's audience. In one sense this phenomenon is not surprising. The-out-of-school adult has new responsibilities in home and job and to new and additional dependents, which occupy the time formerly allotted to reading. But the departure from book reading is disturbing since it seems to indicate that the modern system of education does not inculcate a lasting interest in such reading and that the majority of those who read heavily in their teens and early twenties do so because they are compelled to and not because they enjoy it or find it an essential part of the way they want to live. (On the

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"May we have your permission to list you in 'Adventures in Good Eating'—hobo edition?"

other hand, newspapers and magazines continue to be read; it is mainly the book which experiences the significant loss of readers once the compulsory reading of school days is removed.)

Yet education is consistently the major correlate of book reading. The more formal schooling the individual has the more likely he is to be one of those who reads books "regularly"; or —to put it more realistically—those with less schooling read less than those with more. Reading is a skill that must be learned, but, while those without it obviously cannot read, there is no guarantee that those who *can* read will actually do so.

Since education is so important a factor in determining reading the discussants naturally turned their attention to the educational system and its relation to the conditions under investigation. That the pure technique of reading is adequately taught was generally accepted, but true reading skill was interpreted to include the concept of pleasure from reading, the use of reading to stimulate further thought, the truly "functional" literacy which goes beyond the mere ability to recognize printed symbols. Most present-day teachers are technically capable, but in some cases the emphasis in teaching is on its occupational status (short hours, rate of pay, vacation time, etc.) more than on its professional aspects, and there is little sense of dedication to the education of the young. That the students of those teachers whose major interest is in pay and promotion do not grow into book users is not surprising.

The teacher, of course, is not the sole influence upon the young. The distaste for reading among children and adolescents may well be a reflection of the patterns presented to them for conscious or unconscious emulation by their parents—although the parents' indifference to reading may also stem from the kind of education they received.

Yet there are those who do like to read, and a study of the kind of education which leads to pleasure from reading would lead to data on how to "improve" the kinds of reading we have. At present there are two educational theories about reading satisfaction, neither of which has been validated. One is based on the belief that satisfaction comes from reading which is not too difficult and that readers can only be won by the kind of reading which does not demand too much of them; the other, on the belief that satisfaction comes from reading that is slightly above present capabilities and that readers gain most from reading which challenges and disciplines them. Both have had advocates among librarians and teachers for years, but evidence is still lacking that will support the validity of either theory. As a matter of fact, both theories may be true at different times for different groups of readers and for different types of reading matter. But whatever the strategy should be for promoting reading skill in its richest sense, the opinion was held by many in the conference that current teaching techniques do not provide it.

Yet do not teachers through their recommendations and assignments lead readers to books? It is usually assumed that teachers are an important influence upon the reading of students on all grade levels and therefore indirectly upon people after they are out of school. But studies of audiences have shown that teachers and librarians are much less frequently mentioned as the source of information about current reading than are "friends." A recent comparative study of a rental library and a public library showed that the rental librarian is much more influential than the public librarian in the direct selection of reading, and a Gallup study undertaken for the publishers found that an affirmative answer to the question "Would a teacher of English recommend this book?" was an almost invariable predictor of the book's probable failure.

Such a finding illustrates how important a factor is the "image" of reading and readers in the mind of the average man. To many people the book stands as a symbol of the disagreeable memories of school: imposed discipline, the ordeal of examinations, the chore of compulsory assignment. A good "all-American boy" might well be disturbed by discovering in himself an interest in reading; its association with old-maid teachers, girls, "sissies," and "grinds" would make the whole activity seem improper and effete for the kind of boy he feels he ought to be. Book reading seems also to be seen as a kind of private activity which separates one from his peers—which is, of course, another way of saying that in general his peers don't read. The image is widely held of the reader as one who separates himself from his fellows, is out of touch with the world, and lives in a realm of unreality. Parents are more likely to be concerned that their children read "too much" than that they might read too little.

WHILE deploring as citizens the changing attitude toward the book and book learning, the conference as a group of social scientists recognized that such changes arise out of contemporary society and that an understanding of popular attitudes and images must be based upon an understanding of that society. The condi-

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Free Press & Free Enterprise

A SHARP controversy with world reverberations has been developing in India between the Government and the press. The Indian Government is considering a series of measures designed, in its own words, to increase newspaper responsibility. The cry of censorship has gone up in return, with prompt echoes on American editorial pages, which have interpreted Prime Minister Nehru's proposal as a direct threat to freedom of the press and as another indication of what they believe is an increasing trend to totalitarianism. Nowhere, however, was there any complete text in the United States concerning the specific recommendations advanced by the Government. Because of this and because of several requests which came to us from American newspaper editors for comment, *The Saturday Review* cabled Prime Minister Nehru for a full statement of the Government's position.

In reply, a long wire to *SRL* makes the point that the present proposals are in the form of amendments to the new Constitution. In the eighteen months since the Constitution was enacted certain weaknesses have become apparent. Under Article 19, for example, the drafting was so loose that it was possible for individuals and groups, according to the Government, to advocate murder and other crimes of violence with virtual immunity. It is pointed out that the judicial interpretations of the provisions guaranteeing fundamental rights have led to the abuse of freedom of speech on a scale requiring clarifying action by Parliament.

"In the United States," the wire says, "judicial decisions have developed healthy conventions by restricting the abuse of fundamental rights and have given greater powers to the Legislatures. In India the new Constitution was drafted only eighteen months ago, and it has been found during this brief period that judicial interpretations of the provisions guaranteeing fundamental rights have led to the abuse of such rights. It has therefore been felt necessary to amend Article 19 with a view to enabling states to make laws in the interest of the security of the state, friendly relations with foreign states, public order, decency, and morality, or in cases involving contempt of court, defamation, and incitement to offense. This is only an enabling measure giving authority to Parliament, if it so chooses, to make law in regard to these subjects. It does not in any way interfere with fundamental rights as guaranteed by the Constitution unless it should be considered a fundamental right to preach murder and similar offense."

The reply also points out that the Government's proposals are also aimed at a liberalization of the Constitution in order to expedite the land-reform program. The wording of the Constitution made possible a tremendous volume of litigation in regard to carrying out the Government's program for economic democracy on the farms. In order to get around "this very difficult situation" Constitutional amendments have been proposed and "do not in any way curb the freedom of the individual relating to the fundamental rights guaranteed to him by the Constitution; they merely clarify the power of the Parliament to deal with such matters."

In response to our request *The Saturday Review* has also received a statement on the controversy from Frank Moraes, the highly regarded editor of *The Times of India*, which generally supports Prime Minister Nehru and the Congress Party. Mr. Moraes cables us that the newspaper editors of India are hopeful that the Government will reconsider its proposed Constitutional amendments. The editors see a potential threat to their freedoms in the clause seeking to protect the Indian people against "undermining the public order" and endangering relations with foreign states. This clause, they believe, could place the newspapers at "the mercy of bureaucratic whims." Taking everything into account, they believe the Constitutional changes are unwarranted and uncalled for.

* * *

THE controversy is far from resolved. Meanwhile it may not be inappropriate here to report on another threat to freedom of the press in India—a threat recognized by press and Government both.

This threat was called to my attention at a recent meeting in Madras of editors, publishers, and newspaper writers. I had talked about public opinion in the United States and about the problems of periodical publishing. In the open discussion following my talk, the first question related to the

The Return

By Lenore G. Marshall

IN THE night, in thick dark of midnight,
Truth returns to its home,
Discards its casuist mantle,
Divests its begotten name,
Bare as at birth or at death descends to its kingdom.

Down the webbed stair into coldness
Circling and bottomless goes,
Holds to no steadying handle,
Seeks the clear pit that it knows,
Enters at last its own river, its own flowing house.

Ponders the skull and its logic
Learns from them all that they have,
Cries to the stars, and they answer
Reaching even into the grave:
"Also the heart now, Seeker. The heart can save."

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world paper shortage and the growing American command of newsprint.

"If the United States is interested in saving democracy in the world from the threat of totalitarianism in the world," an editor said, "why doesn't America try to meet the threat in whatever form it presents itself and not concentrate so heavily on the military problem?"

I would certainly agree in principle, I replied, but I was anxious to know what specific non-military threat or threats the editor had in mind.

"I am thinking of the threat to the free press of India," he said. "I am not speaking of newspapers that are politically subsidized, I am speaking of the independent newspapers of India. The independent newspapers here are fighting for their lives. Some have been killed already, others will die in the months ahead unless this threat to our freedom is met.

"What threatens us is that it is becoming increasingly difficult to get anything to print on. Our paper supply is drying up. America, which utters such eloquent words about free enterprise and free competition, is convincing newspaper publishers in India and throughout the world that there may be little real sincerity behind those words.

"Paper mills abroad that used to supply us with newsprint now tell us they're sorry they cannot continue; American newspapers have moved in and taken over the entire output. Canadian exports to India have been cut down sharply because American publishers have bought over many of the Canadian paper mills or have made special long-term contracts.

"We have become desperate. We have been forced to pay up to $300 per ton and more for paper that costs the American newspaper publisher from $100 to $125 per ton. And since our economy is geared on a much lower level than America's the relative cost to us per ton is much, much higher—the equivalent of perhaps $450 a ton in American economic terms.

"We wonder if it is a good argument for free enterprise that large buyers are able to command the dominant source of supply at favorable rates while all the others have to take what is left and pay twice as much or more. We had thought free enterprise meant that there was freedom for large and small alike. Surely, it must be realized that arguments coming from America for democracy and capitalism are going to be considered not only in the light of what America says but what America does.

"What do you think will happen to free enterprise in India if we have to continue to say 'no' day after day to businessmen who would like to sell their products by advertising them in our newspapers? We have been taught by America that advertising is part of a sound economy and we believe it, but this is largely academic for both the newspaper and the businessman as things stand now."

He paused for a moment to allow the point to sink in.

"Now," he said, "how can a nation be expected to preserve its freedoms and move toward an enlarged democracy if its newspapers do not enjoy the economic freedom they are supposed to advocate in their editorial columns? In order to have a free press you must have a healthy press, and no press can be healthy under the conditions that exist today with respect to newsprint."

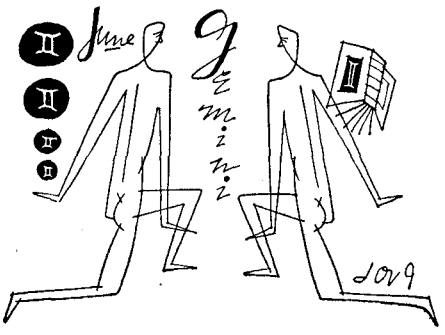
I had been away from the United States for some time, I said, but the reports I received from home indicated that the newsprint shortage was not peculiar to India. The paper situation in the United States was as tight or tighter than it had been even during the war.

"Yes," the Madras editor said, "but everything is so relative. Here, please look through these."

He handed me four or five newspapers.

"These papers are all published here in Madras. Americans might find it difficult to recognize them as newspapers. They're very thin, like almost everything else in India. Eight, twelve pages at most—sometimes as many as sixteen pages for a Sunday edition if we're especially lucky. In America even under your newsprint shortage some newspapers publish close to 100 pages in a single edition on a weekday. And on Sunday in New York and Chicago there are newspapers which publish 300 pages in a single edition. I looked at one of them the other day and out of curiosity I weighed it. It weighed three and one-half pounds. Then, I figured what the total newsprint consumption for that one Sunday would have been for that American newspaper, and it was enough to meet my total newsprint needs for nine years.

"Of course, for the politically subsidized press there is no problem. Somehow, there are few financial problems for such newspapers. And, unless I am mistaken, the number of subsidized newspapers seems to be increasing almost everywhere one looks outside America. Well, at least one need not be in the dark concerning one of the reasons."



AFTER I left India, whenever and wherever I met editors or publishers—whether in India or Pakistan or Egypt or Athens or Italy or France—the subject most on their minds was newsprint. Invariably I would be asked whether we Americans saw any connection between democracy and a free press and, if so, how did we square that view with the incredible difficulties facing the world free press largely as a result of American manipulation of sources of paper supply.

Many publishers took pains to point out that what was involved was not the customary instance of a surplus of a certain item in the United States, which some Americans were loath to share with others. This was a case of Americans reaching out into the rest of the world to take for themselves more than their proportionate share—simply because they had the sheer financial power to give them a commanding position.

In looking into the problem I ascertained that the present annual world consumption of newsprint is approximately 9,700,000 tons. Of this America, with one-seventeenth of the world's population, accounts for about 65 per cent of the total consumption.

At a rough estimate, 250,000 tons made available to the press of the world would meet the present total emergency outside America. This would come to 4 per cent of American consumption. Here is a serious challenge for the newspaper publishers of America—something they can do on their own and without Government interference. It is a challenge to put their own editorials in behalf of a free press to work on a world scale. The amount of newsprint each American paper would have to give up might average out to less than a page a day. Small though this is, it would be enough to give each publisher the satisfaction of knowing that he was participating not only with words but with substance in the elements that go into the making of friendship with other peoples and in discharging his individual responsibility at a time of world crisis.

Naturally, no individual publisher can meet the challenge himself. But the publishers as a body, acting through their national organization, can study the problem, define a program, and then put everything they have into the attempt to make it work. —N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Pulitzer Award Secrecy

SIR: Amy Loveman's editorial [*SRL* May 19] calls deserved attention to an unsatisfactory situation in connection with the annual Pulitzer awards. I refer to the failure of the authorities to disclose the names of the judges after the awards have been made. Certainly the possible candidates whose works may have been under consideration and the general public as well have a legitimate interest in knowing at the very least the names of those passing judgment. I would go even further to suggest that where the vote for a particular prize is not unanimous the names of those in favor and opposed be publicly reported and that in the case of a dissent the choice of the dissenting member be announced.

Lifting the veil of secrecy would really be a service to the committees since it would remove any suggestion of irresponsibility, with which they are frequently charged.

MELVILLE CANE.

New York, N. Y.

Books in American Life

SIR: David Riesman [*SRL* May 5] doubts that the high price of books is a serious deterrent to good reading. Yet he says that 10 per cent of the people read 70 per cent of the books. While no doubt the bookworm will read anyway, he might buy and read more books as first editions rather than wait for reprints or library copies.

Bernard Berelson [*SRL* May 12] suggests that additional schooling may improve basic reading skills. Research suggests that the reverse is true. Doctors and lawyers tend to be poorer readers when they finish college than on entrance. The high relationship between formal education and the practice of book reading is by no means causal. The answer is simple. The better readers tend to go to college. For every good reader who goes to college there is an equally good reader who does not. The poor readers who get into college and the good readers who do not go to college explain why some college grads do not read and others with little schooling do.

W. H. HAUSMANN.

South Bend, Ind.

SIR: Out of my monthly salary the Government permits me to keep $140 dollars after taxes. After deducting such items as rent, utilities, and insurance I have seventy dollars left with which to feed and clothe myself for thirty days. It takes neither higher mathematics nor imagination to conclude that at the very best I cannot *afford* more than one book a month at the average price of three dollars.

I learned to read when I was four and I have been a bookworm all my life. I love the printed word and prefer it to anything else, even though I have managed to live a normal life just the same. I own a great many books and represent that portion of our population that buys books and continues to buy books not in the best-seller category. My main reason for preferring reading to "seeing or experiencing" is that I have but one lifetime to live and hence am limited as to the number of people and experiences I have. The printed word gives me the widest possible horizon and a chance to acquaint myself with the kind of people and ideas I cannot possibly encounter in the normal course of my life. No one needs to *sell* me on the idea.

The aforementioned income is by far more average in this day and age than a larger amount. As matters stand in my case, I go without a few lunches and some of the other little niceties of life occasionally to buy a book I really want. I would love to buy a great many more. I *could* buy a great many more if they were in the neighborhood of $1 or $1.50 each. I have maintained for many years that a paper-bound edition—especially of first authors or definitely not popular stuff—could be put out for the above sum and thus increase extensively the average number of copies sold. I would most likely be able to buy a book a week instead of a book a month.

ANN THOMAS.

Miami, Fla.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Wesley is so disturbed over this Lincoln-McClellan business he's going off to live in peace and quiet in Germany."

Food for India

SIR: Further to your suggestion to send funds to the American Emergency Food Committee for India, I believe your readers should know that there is an agency which is already engaged in sending food to India. This group is the United Nations Secretarial Committee for Food Relief to India, U. N. Building, New York 17, N. Y. Their appeal was directed at the Secretariat of the U. N. rather than the general public. However, judging from their response to my small contribution, they do and will appreciate any sums of money which anyone cares to offer.

It is all very well to attempt to force the U. S. Congress to help these starving people, but this isn't landing food in India now, when it is needed most.

MARTIN ROHER.

Durham, N. C.

Selective Service Scholarships

SIR: Edward R. Murrow's editorial "A Problem in Equality" [*SRL* Apr. 21] raises an important question. His chief objection to deferment for college students rests on the fact that it discriminates against those who cannot afford to go to college, for he recognizes that the college student is only *deferred* and not *exempt*.

I believe most of us find the notion of rule by an elite as repugnant as Mr. Murrow does. Yet I think we all favor a college education for those who want it and can be helped by it. Is this not then a wonderful opportunity to provide Government scholarships for *all* our youth who have the ability to do college work, who want to but lack the money? As a part of the Selective Service program it would not cost much as military expenses go these days. The amount of the scholarship could be adjusted to the need of the student or to his progress. It would be a good plan to continue when the threat of war passes—if that day ever dawns.

R. M. DUNCAN.

Albuquerque, N. M.

SRL Spectrum

SIR: Compliments on your new, more liberal use of color for the backgrounds of your covers.

KERMIT MACDERMOTT.

Fremont, O.

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Music to My Ears

NEOPHYTE AT A SHRINE

LONDON.

THE SHRINES of the world are many, and each has its appropriate approach. To Sadler's Wells Theatre, from which one of the major dance impulses of the day has sprung, there could be but one reasonable approach—afoot. Arriving in midperformance during the evening of a first day in London I was admitted, sans ticket, to the happiest discomfort imaginable—that is, to the back of a crowded theatre, where I joined half a hundred other standees. The standees of the world comprise a special club of connoisseurs, and it was a privilege to be admitted to the English ranks so early.

Fire laws are either lax or non-existent in London theatres; hence, you may stand either at the rear of the theatre (Sadler's Wells, anyway) or along the side aisles. Ballet No. 3 of the evening was just completed as I came in, and the playing of Glazounov's "Valse de Concert, Opus 47 in D" as "musical interlude" provided no distraction to a swift survey of the cradle in which the Sadler's Wells Ballet of Fonteyn and Shearer cut its eyeteeth and broke out of swaddling clothes into world-wide fame, a path soon to be followed by its counterpart, the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet. It is this company, headed by Elaine Fifield, David Blair, Patricia Miller, etc., which was operative at the moment and the center of the evening's activity.

Thanks to Glazounov (whose "Valses de Concert" are unhesitatingly recommended as background for the scrutiny of unfamiliar auditoriums) the Sadler's Wells could be swiftly summarized as an unpretentious but commodious theatre of the people. It lies well out of the main London theatre district and thus qualifies as a "neighborhood theatre." Since the "neighborhood" of its fame has become the world, however, its public is pretty much a cross-section of London's general theatre-going audience, arrayed on a main floor and two balconies. A white, unadorned interior gives it something of the quality of American high-school auditoriums, though its ample orchestra pit sets it aside as clearly meant for serious business. In the orchestra of sixty or so one could note a liberal sprinkling of females, not only in the customary string choirs but manning (so to speak) clarinet, flute, oboe, etc.

By now the lights were down, and the main business of the evening was at hand. "Pineapple Poll" said the program, a "ballet freely adapted from the Bab Ballad 'The Bumboat Woman's Story.'" Word had traveled to America of this new effort by choreographer John Cranko, and I was (I freely admit) not unduly stimulated by the notion of Sir Arthur Sullivan's familiar tunes as the fabric for dance. How wrong I was! As rearranged (mostly rescored, to get away from Sullivan's work-a-day treatment of the pit orchestra) by Charles Mackerras and vivaciously conducted by the same talented young man this was as far from the Savoy Theatre as the Savoy is from the Savoy-Plaza.

From the spirited playing of the mostly unfamiliar score flowed a dance experience at once ingenious and amusing, enlivening to the eye and not at all dulling to the mind. Its very Gilbertian scenario concerns Pineapple Poll (the omitted "y" would complete Polly)—a first cousin of Little Buttercup — whose passion, as is that of all the Portsmouth Polls, is Captain Belaye of the *Hot Cross Bun*. Romantic abandon has rarely so well been blended with hilarious disdain as it is in unabashed wooing of the hipless, hornpiping figure of Belaye by the winsome Poll, or amusing incident with artful choreography as in the invasion of the *Hot Cross Bun* by the lovelorn maids in the guise of the crew. Belaye finally weds his fiancée, Blanche, and Poll accepts Jasper, the pot boy, as her own—but not until Elaine Fifield and David Blair have shown that the Wells is still bubbling with talent and that it flows fresh and clear. A lively décor by Osbert Lancaster and fine work all along the line promise well for the balance of the repertory, which will be described as soon as seen.

* * *

London Intelligence: The retirement of Karl Rankl as director of the Covent Garden Opera Company has prompted copious speculation about a successor. Sir John Barbirolli is prominently mentioned among those being considered. His acceptance would surprise some, since he turned down musical direction of the BBC a while ago to remain with the Hallé. But it is considered a lively possibility. . . . Cecil Beaton has been commissioned to do the décor for a new "Coppelia" by the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet. . . . Covent Garden's "Götterdämmerung" with Kirsten Flagstad starts at 5:00 P.M., which brings the twilight of the gods and the exhaustion of the tea-time snack at about the same point. . . . Two ballets, two opera companies, and four orchestras (Royal Philharmonic, Philharmonia, BBC, and London Philharmonic) are providing abundant distraction for music-minded visitors at Festival time. Those who find these and many minor attractions insufficient can turn to the radio for opera from the Continent. —IRVING KOLODIN.

Paradise Regained

By James L. Rosenberg

ANGELS and ministers of grace defend us
From gambling, gin, dark chaos, and Old Night!
Dragged up by Pentecostal Mission No. 4,
Restored by beans and coffee, I have seen the light!
Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife,
Throughout the sensual world proclaim:
John Doe, male white, address unknown,
Has rediscovered God, the living flame!
Let boom the drum, the trombone moan,
Whilst I address the impercipient throng;
Bareheaded in the rain, I speak to save their souls
From lust for lightsome ladies, wine, and song.
But hold! the blue-clad marching band moves off
And leaves me here at 9th and Galilee,
Lost in dark fear, dear Lord; for, look—there in yon door
Old Satan stands, and smiles, and calls to me.

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SRL Goes to the Movies

HAVE I GOT A PROBLEM!

Sorority initiation from "Take Care of My Little Girl"—"accent on cokes."

ONCE upon a time the only problem in pictures was how they were going to go at the box office. Now, increasingly, producers are writing problems into their films specifically to make them go at the box office. Sometimes the problems are current and important—anti-Semitism, lynching, Communism; and sometimes they are so tiny that the studio's publicity people have to underline the word "controversial" to make one realize that the problem exists at all. But it is an encouraging sign that producers are admitting issues of any sort into their films even if, as in "Take Care of My Little Girl" (Twentieth Century-Fox), they involve nothing more vital than campus sororities. It is encouraging because sticking only to completely safe subjects leads inevitably to stultification, while conflict, no matter what it is about, helps to keep the screen alive.

Not that Fox hasn't played this one fairly cozy. The Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein adaptation of Peggy Goodin's novel is long on laughs and color, but its attack is less on sororities as a system than on the snobbism and sadism that might be practised by some of the sisters in them. Thus, although sturdy souls like the film's heroine Liz (Jeanne Crain) may become convinced that they can live very nicely without sororities, still sororities will remain. Liz arrives at Midwestern with only the vaguest notion of what she wants to study there but quite definite about which sorority she wants to join. Her mother was a Tri U, and college life will not be complete until Liz is a member, too. Only gradually is Liz converted to the democracy of the dorms.

Like most college pictures, "Take Care of My Little Girl" stays at all times far from the classrooms. There are a few oblique references to "having to study," and Liz gains her initial success on the campus by helping the pride of the fraternities to cheat on a French exam, but the accent is rather on house parties, on cokes at the corner Jug Room, and holding hands along leafy college walks. What gives this film some depth is its portrait of Liz's family, of her soft, unprotesting father, who appears throughout with a drink in his hand, and of her domineering, ambitious mother, whose character is repeated in the Tri U house mother. This type of woman, the picture seems to say, accounts for the persistence of sororities, its tag line being "Mothers have to grow up, too." The girls, an extremely attractive lot, include many new—and welcome—faces. Director Jean Negulesco has paced his picture well, and if the tempest that seethes in his teapot is less than epic it at least has the virtue of being well brewed.

"When I Grow Up" (United Artists), written and directed by Michael Kanin, turns to the problems of adolescence. Its little hero, in point of fact, is well on the way to becoming a juvenile delinquent when the picture opens. His grandfather tries to intercede but unsuccessfully. In a flashback that lasts the greater part of the film's running time we see the grandfather's own boyhood, where lack of parental understanding and love all but forced him to run away from home just as his grandson is about to do. His boyhood diary, placed in the hands of young Denny, helps the boy to see that there is love in his household even if it isn't obvious. "Why can't people show their love before it is too late?" the film asks.

Simple and warm in its telling, "When I Grow Up" re-creates the past, the 1890's, with much affection, looks into the hearts of its adults with real understanding. The call of the circus, its magic lure for youngsters, is made palpable without glamorizing, and the terrors of a typhoid epidemic are handled without undue melodramatics. No small part of the effectiveness of this picture comes from its careful casting. There are no major stars, but Robert Preston and Martha Scott play the nineteenth-century parents with a fine sense of period, Henry Morgan and Elizabeth Fraser are astonishingly everyday as the twentieth-century parents, and Bobby Driscoll manages two generations of junior Reeds with almost genuine boyishness. "When I Grow Up" is a little picture, an unpretentious picture, but what it has

Cantata

By Gustav Davidson

IN THE dawn
in the gray dawn
ghostlike through the city
I slip;
ghostlike over the haunted pavements
in the dawn
in the gray dawn

I stare at the windows of houses
in a fantasia of desire
while a thin rain falls
anciently
into the earth

And young girls asleep
in their rosewarm beds
dream unaware that
in the dawn
in the gray dawn
ghostlike through the city
someone slips by them
in a fantasia of desire

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to say about family relationships and the problems of growing up give it an importance beyond many big-budgeted, multi-starred attractions. Middle-class American family life has rarely been so faithfully portrayed on the screen.

* * *

There is a curious stoicism in the heroes of Universal's action pictures. They move through all sorts of horrendous violence; they are shot at, attacked with knives, drugged, without moving a muscle, without turning a hair. All of this lends an agreeably nightmarish quality to a film like "Hollywood Story," a murder mystery with a studio background that will inevitably remind some oldsters of the William Desmond Taylor shootings of the early Twenties. The allusion is pointed by the presence in the cast momentarily of such silent luminaries as Francis X. Bushman, Betty Blythe, and William Farnum. Richard Conte is trigger-sharp as the imperturbable producer who must solve a twenty-year-old crime before he can complete his picture, and Henry Hull, Fred Clark, and Paul Cavanaugh are equally effective as the obstacles in his path. "Hollywood Story" is a tight and rapid mystery melodrama which by reason of its background has more than ordinary color and appeal. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

SRL Recommends

Go for Broke: How the Nisei's 442nd Regimental Combat Team earned its honors. (*SRL* May 26.)

The Emperor's Nightingale: Czech production of the Hans Christian Andersen tale, enacted by stringless puppets. (*SRL* May 12.)

The Brave Bulls, The Bullfighter and the Lady: Next best thing to a trip to Mexico so far as the philosophy and art of the great Spanish sport are concerned. (*SRL* May 5.)

Tales of Hoffmann: Laudable experiment in combining three arts (opera, ballet, and motion picture), with Robert Rounseville and a notable cast of dancers, the last in excellent, dubbed-in voice. (*SRL* April 28.)

The Thing: An interplanetary saucer and its pilot—a wonderful new monster—in what is close to being a horror masterpiece. (*SRL* April 21.)

Kon-Tiki: Science-adventure of six men on a balsa raft from Peru to Polynesia. Exciting, amateur photography, with witty narration by Thor Heyerdahl. (*SRL* April 14.)

Fourteen Hours: Makes you feel as if you'd spent fourteen hours yourself with an Irish cop cajoling a young would-be suicide from a seventeenth-floor window ledge. (*SRL* March 24.)

I'd Climb the Highest Mountain: Sentiment with minimum treacle in absorbing ups and downs of itinerant Georgia preacher. One of Heaven's more handsome ushers—but why not? (*SRL* March 3.)

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TV and Radio

BORDER INCIDENT: AMERICA WITHOUT TV

BROWNSVILLE, Texas . . . The hotel travel folder said, "Brownsville is America's southernmost mainland city. . . . Just across the Rio Grande is historic old Matamoros, Mexico." I would have liked to cross the Gateway Bridge and pay my respects to Matamoros, but a deadline pinned me in my hotel room with my typewriter and radio.

The border incident was not without compensation, for I found myself enjoying the National Broadcasting Company's "Monday Night of Music," over KRGV, the "Voice of the Valley." Over the "Voice of the Valley" came the "Voice of Firestone." Risë Stevens sang enchantingly an air from Saint-Saen's opera "Samson and Delilah," and Howard Barlow and his orchestra marched through an entrance in Wagner's "Die Meistersinger."

Had I been in Westport, Connecticut, I could have watched Risë Stevens and Howard Barlow on television. Brownsville has no TV. The young Spanish - American bus - boy who wheeled my dinner table into the room said he liked television. He had seen it at the local radio store. "A man showing how to play golf. All the little kids like to watch the screen." He measured the air with his hands. It was a small screen.

The insurance executive I had talked with earlier in the day said he planned on buying a set when TV came to Harlingen, his home town twenty-five miles north of Brownsville. His children were crazy about TV, but meanwhile he had noticed that the radio programs had fallen off in quality.

I had agreed with him in the afternoon but in the evening listening to Ferrucio Tagliavini, the Metropolitan Opera tenor, sing on "The Telephone Hour" I was in a receptive mood. On radio, I reflected, one could still hear competent orchestras playing pleasant popular tunes and essaying operetta, opera, and the orchestral forms.

The loss of Matamoros seemed less painful when the always-enjoyable Arthur Fiedler and his "Boston Pops Orchestra" took the "Voice of the Valley" stage. Mr. Fiedler played (American premier) a new ballet suite by Dmitri Shostakovitch; a waltz and a march by the Johann Strausses, Junior and Senior; César Franck's "Symphonic Variations for Piano and Orchestra," with Eugene Liszt as the soloist, and an Irving Berlin medley from "Annie Get Your Gun."

Had I been in Houston, Texas, instead of Brownsville I might have passed over NBC's "Monday Night of Music" and watched NBC-TV's and the other video networks' television programs. More accurately, I might have watched a controlled sample of network offerings. Houston, you see, is a one TV-station town. KRPC-TV (*The Houston Post*) is the only video outlet serving the approximately 80,000 TV sets in the largest city in the Southwest.

KRPC-TV is an NBC radio affiliate, and Jack Harris, the general manager, is the arbiter of what Houston shall see on TV. Of the ninety shows which his station carries weekly he allocated 50 per cent to NBC, 35 per cent to the Columbia Broadcasting System, 15 per cent to the American Broadcasting Company, and 5 per cent to the Du Mont Television Network.

Monopoly control has its headaches for Jack Harris. Occasionally he performs the unpleasant duty of dropping a sponsored program which proves unpopular from his exclusive schedule. This means possibly offending a client who has spent good money building his show: it means risking the client's revenge when the Federal Communications Commission finally authorizes Houston to activate its three additional commercial channels.

Mr. Harris is an astute station operator, so lately he has passed some of his uncomfortable burden to the broad back of Houston's public. He paid for a survey of the city audience's video habits and preferences. The survey lists eighty-three shows carried by the station during March and April, and it indicates their popularity with Houston set-owners. Harris shows the survey to a sacrificial sponsor when he has to drop a low scorer, in order to keep his over-all average up. The client's wrath is not appeased, nor is his invective diminished, but the curse is lifted, and Harris can proceed to make some compromises.

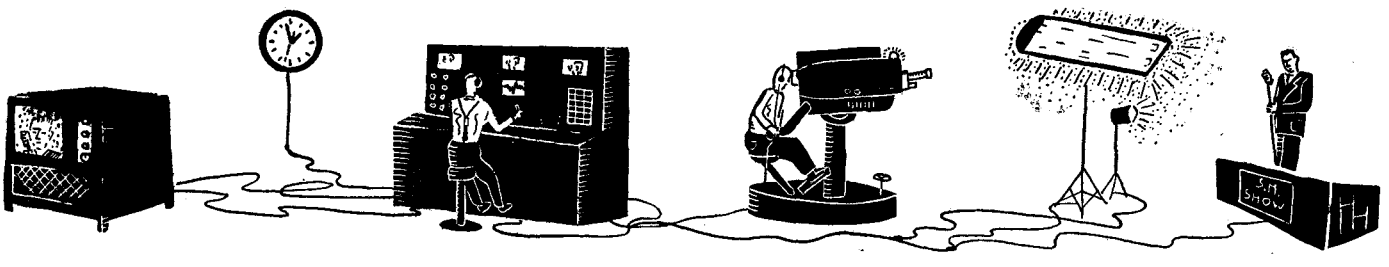
WHAT is life like for an audience in a one TV-station town? The answer is loss and gain. A Houstonite may switch on a video channel blindly and have at least the assurance that he will not open his eyes and look upon some of the hard-to-take program items. He is sure of getting the cream of the available crop on KRPC-TV—the popular cream, that is. More than less fortunate competitors in multi-station cities, Harris interprets his responsibility as "giving most of the people what they want most of the time."

This means in Houston not a single public-service program except the Armed Forces Hour. (Jack Harris was a top Armed Forces Radio officer during World War II.) It means a Spartan budget for local shows (16 per cent of evening time and 25 per cent of afternoon time). It means that the all-pervasive, standardized pattern of network broadcasting is unmistakably stamped on Houston.

It means, encouragingly, that Groucho Marx's "You Bet Your Life" is No. One of the "Twenty Best Accepted Programs on KRPC-TV"; that Cassidy hopsalong in Houston, too, but that the consistently good Kraft TV Theatre is not seen there; that "The Garroway Show" and "Kukla, Fran, and Ollie," which ought to be high, are low; that there's no "Meet the Press" or "Lilli Palmer"; and that 86 per cent of the women questioned in the 1,112 sample like the "Philco Television Playhouse," and 0 per cent dislike it.

In short, Houston is very much like New York and St. Louis and Los Angeles in its TV program preferences, and no doubt Brownsville will be, too, when video comes to the Rio Grande Valley.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.



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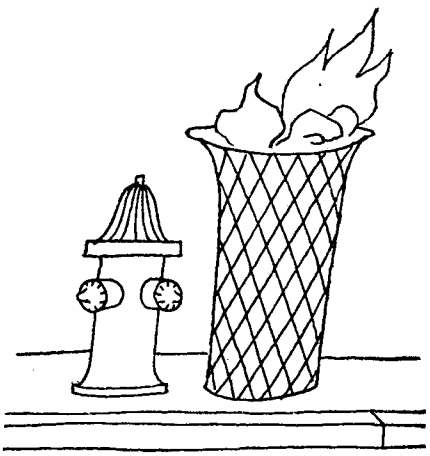
BOOK BUSINESS LOOKS AT ITSELF

(*Continued from page* 19)

tions of contemporary living, for example, suggested certain hypotheses to the members of the conference: that crowded living conditions which force the elimination of the bookshelf and the home library might well have an effect upon an interest in reading (it was suggested that perhaps a more important correlate of reading than amount of formal schooling might be the number of books in the home when the subject was a child); that the increasing specialization in contemporary life leaves no room for general reading and broadly cultural pursuits; that the tempo of life, its urgency, its speed, its concern with contemporaneity, make the extended concentration demanded by the serious book difficult to achieve; that the kind of privacy required by serious reading cannot be provided in the one-room apartment, the crowded subway, and the close-packed real-estate development. Under such conditions even a stranger to modern communication trends might well predict that the long and serious book would be replaced by digests of longer works, small - format publications, picture magazines, and more ephemeral materials. (Yet, according to report, many of the European countries—notably the Scandinavian countries, England, and Germany—continue to pursue the "serious" reading habits which in America have been relegated to the "good old days." Research and controlled international comparisons might help explain this difference.)

TECHNOLOGICAL developments, of course, account for many of these changes in our way of life. The new media and the new channels of communication are in part an answer to the need of modern society, but in part they are also the creators of these needs. They have made possible the daily newspapers, the weekly news magazine, and the newsreel, the radio commentator and the telecast, thus providing speedy and on-the-spot transmission of facts and events. But in so doing they have created a demand for the quick summary, the surface report, and the minute-by-minute revision of opinion. These in turn create a sense of urgency and tension which seems to intensify the need for immediate reporting. The circle is complete and rules out the reasoned, deliberate, carefully evaluated analysis which is represented by the book.

Consequently, there may come a day when the traditional book may no



longer be the most effective instrument to provide the kind of education which publishers wish to promote. The future may find publishers dealing with electronic developments of many kinds, which will render the book as we know it obsolete for certain purposes. The publisher is faced with deciding which of the newer signs, symbols, and channels will result in the kind of communication he desires.

While it was agreed that long-range technical developments will undoubtedly condition ideas, the media, and the channels in one way or another, it was pointed out that we cannot assume that such changes are necessarily bad. The resistance against the influence of electronic developments in changing reading habits and patterns may be the defense of a vested interest or a sentimental hangover from an earlier age which is out of place in a rapidly changing technological society; an attachment, as Harold Lasswell put it, to the moss on the bucket, which makes us forget that it is the bucket and not the moss which performs the function we are trying to improve. As for the intangible disciplinary benefits of the traditional methods of reading and research which would allegedly be lost, it is not impossible that the development of new media may lead to the creation of new skills and new equivalents for the skilled reader. We should be alert to the variability of our tools and the skills they demand and create.

The book, it was hypothesized, may be the one free medium left through which modern man can escape from the pressure of contemporary living, the one medium which provides him with the "social space" necessary to make adjustments possible. The book may still be the best medium for modern man for providing a perspective-giving detachment.

Again the conference was back at the primary question to which the other questions relate: in modern society what part does the book play for different individuals and for different groups in their daily lives? Broadly speaking, there are two major social functions served by reading: the achievement of values for society as a whole and the achievement of individual satisfactions. The two are not mutually exclusive, but in a general way they define a useful dichotomy for dealing with the social role of reading.

Society as a whole benefits not only from a citizenry which is aware of the specific aims and ideals of the particular political organization but also from a broadly informed and generally enlightened populace. It is important that the electorate be conversant with the specific issues in a particular political campaign, but it is important, too, that specific issues be related to a background of cultural history that will give them meaning. The book has come to be perhaps the last antidote to the contemporary and ephemeral emphasis in newspaper, magazine, radio, and film. It represents a more solid value; it has provided the most convenient form for transmitting accumulated knowledge across the years and for preserving ideas; it is written with deliberation unforced by time pressures and has preserved in permanent form the best that is known and thought in the world. While much of the content of the book can be transmitted through other media the qualitatively different kinds of socio-psychological experience which may be inherent in the particular form of the book should not be overlooked.

There is another aspect of the book's social function which is important. Granted that the book's audience is limited in comparison to that which can be reached by radio and film, it may well be that our culture needs the "high-level" intellect to which the book caters. Just as we used to teach one hundred students Latin because we need the three who can understand it, perhaps we should, in David Riesman's view, be equally profligate in book publishing, casting our nets wide to catch a few—but better—fish. The all-important three will transmit the benefit of their knowledge to the other ninety-seven; the "books that have changed our minds"—Marx, Freud, Darwin, etc.—have not even yet been read by the majority of the people who now think in Marxian - Freudian - Darwinian terms.

The values of reading for the individual may be equally varied. There are those who read for professional

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purposes, to improve themselves in the subject field of their occupation; there are those who read for general knowledge not specifically related to the work that they do; there are those who read for recreation in its best sense, to re-create and refresh themselves for a better adjustment to their world; there are those who read to escape that world; there are those who read just to fill the time. And in most instances more than one of these motives applies, and certainly more than one of the effects sought is actually experienced.

That is why it is important to understand the function that the book plays with those who are "good" readers. What are the ends that reading serves (as Lasswell puts it, what are the "pay-offs") for such groups? In contemporary society it is the immediate and short-term advantages rather than the long-range ones which seem to be the more important. Consequently a time of crisis plays an important part in determining what is read and in what media. It is possible that the long-term value of reading Thackeray, for example, is greater than that of reading a recent journalistic account of a Korean campaign. But there is little doubt as to which would have more immediate appeal in June 1951, and if the reader believes he has only enough time to read one or the other he probably will read the journalistic account.

THE dynamics of personal reasons further complicates the problem of reading and its value to the reader. Emotional antagonism toward teachers, for example, may be an expression of parent resentment and may take two entirely different directions in affecting the pattern of student reading. One leads to more reading because the individual seeks to escape his maladjustment by losing himself in the fantasy life of the book; the other leads away from reading altogether because books are identified in the child's mind with the hated authority.

In such approaches to the use of the book as a means of personal adjustment we come close to a very important function of the book—"bibliotherapy"—the use of the book to help to provide an adjustment to the world and daily living for those who have failed to make the adjustment unaided. It is not inconceivable that the idea of bibliotherapy can be borrowed from its use in "abnormal" situations to help the "normal" man in his adaptation to his environment. Indeed, in the functions of the book in modern life previously mentioned this very idea has already been suggested: the book can supply the "social space" needed; the book can provide the "perspective-giving" function for the harrassed man in the modern world; the book is the one "free" medium in a world of pressures and tensions. It is in line with such thinking that Mr. Riesman suggests that it might be better to characterize the object of our concern not as the "serious" book but as the "liberating" book.

In any case the most important effect of reading may be the unintended and unknown one. We can measure the effect of reading which imparts specific facts to the reader by testing his knowledge of those facts before and after the reading. But how can we measure the effect of the kind of reading that broadens one, makes him more understanding, gives him wider horizons, or sharpens his awareness? These latter effects are the kind in which we are most interested, the kind which constitute the distinctive and unique functions of "good" reading that the publishers would most want to develop.

These, then, are some of the questions with which the publishing industry is concerned, in terms of the characteristics of the audience, the influence of social conditions, and the functions which reading serves for such an audience in such an environment. A great many investigations employing an elaborate machinery of analysis and research and carried out on many different levels and in many different fields will have to be completed before the answers to them can be obtained. But the conference was unanimous in its conviction that the magnitude of the problem must not be allowed to become a bar to its attempted solution and that social science can provide the tools and the needed talents for making the necessary start.

Order and Simplicity

By Leonard Bacon

WHEN the Poet spoke to me those forty years ago,
Then I knew, then I knew, what is hard now to know,
That Order and Simplicity and the Feeling of Earth
Must be, before Great Things ever come to their birth,
That spiritual trouble which havocs the mind
Is the chain linking Man to the rest of Mankind,
And is there for him to reckon with, whether weak whether strong,
Till it fade out in failure or lend meaning to song,
For Man has been subjected by sorrow or mirth
To Order and Simplicity and the Feeling of Earth.
But, as for us, we bickered in bars and cafés,
Deciding whom to praise or whom to dispraise.
It was notable surely to hear oneself speak,
Opposing a clique or defending a clique,
When what we called intellect diminished or decried
Glories we said were waning, and we cared not if they died.
Hence we coined golden phrases, and clichés got around,
Disguised as penetration, enlightened and profound.
The thoughts that lead nowhere, the symbols that disclose
No shadow of the meaning of the Mystical Rose,
Were much on our lips. What wonder if none hark?
Was there need to speak darkly to men in the dark?
If the World pass understanding, yet still there is worth
In Order and Simplicity and the Feeling of Earth,
Whence the memorable and musical shoot forth and come alive,
Whence strength only has derived and will always derive.
Yet despise not the fantasy that fainted and faltered,
Nor mock the Wing'd Stallion castrated and altered,
The reverse of the Lyric, antithesis of Song,
That, lamed, spavined, spring-halt, goes hobbling along.
If we found out how little the unmeaning can mean,
If we saw not the vision, Oh! what have they seen?
Lost seekers, like ourselves, who have never yet found
What we sought, the proud thought and the quiver-clang sound
Of a rhythm enigmatic, yet with purport as clear
As some gray autumn bud's which will open next year,
When the bright blast of Poetry shall quicken all things,
The white-petaled bract and the north-thundering wings?

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FICTION

(*Continued from page 15*)

from her musical studies and appearances in Europe as the poised and dazzlingly successful Madame Stasi, to the property she had purchased, of the mingling and mutual suspicion of the North Shore hunting set and those who valued music and, indeed, all the arts more highly than horses.

This is the first novel of a young Bostonian who belongs by birth to the former set, by choice to the world of literature and the arts. He is able to write with authority of the background which he has chosen, and his observation of his characters is acute and sensitive. If "The Enclosure" sometimes confuses and often strains the reader's credulity it is definitely promising, with flashes of brilliant comprehension of the world which it mirrors. —PAMELA TAYLOR.

THE ORDEAL OF WILLIE BROWN. By Arthur Marx. Simon & Schuster. $3. For anyone in his right mind there would have been no ordeal to begin with. That is, anyone but Willie Brown, the twenty-first ranking tennis player in the U.S. with an eye on the No. 1 spot, would have realized he was being two-timed by his fiancée, the tenth ranking player; outplayed by everyone else on the court; and outwitted by life 6-0, 6-0, 6-0. However, Willie is so monumentally dull, repetitious, and unreal a character that, so far as I am concerned, it doesn't make much difference one way or the other.

Unfortunately, *tel pere, tel fils* does not hold up in this case, for Mr. Marx, the son of Groucho, apparently has a sense of humor for which his father should keep him on bread and water. Kept down to twenty or thirty pages, this book of 279 pages might have just squeezed by as "satire," a word I stumbled across on the dust jacket. Whatever the vigor of his comedy and inventiveness, it is not strengthened by repetition, clichés, and inspired formula writing. Mr. Marx has Willie—who is twenty-two, not three or four—reply in all innocence to a remark that a break in the stock market had hurt Mr. So-and-so: "Did he get it fixed?" If this doesn't titillate you perhaps you'll be amused by the news that Willie is under the delusion that Cold Porter is a composer; Red Butler was the boy-friend of "Forever Ambar or whatever that luscious babe's name was"; and all people who use aspirin are "nothing short of dope fiends."

The story itself is even worse off than Willie. Ready? Well, Willie, striving for the national singles crown, turns up at one tournament after another, where in addition to getting into more hot water than two Frank Costellos he is defeated easily until in a preliminary match at Forest Hills he upsets the national champ himself. While preparing for the game of his career Willie is summarily disqualified as an amateur because he has accepted a fifty-dollar gift from the father of a girl whose tennis game he has helped polish—the very girl who later upsets Willie's fiancée at Forest Hills and whose father is responsible not only for Willie's disqualification on p. 251 but for his reinstatement on p. 276. With three pages left to go, Mr. Marx finishes off Willie and his girl with a happy ending. This is a book that must be read at one sitting; no one will pick it up twice. —BERNARD KALB.

THE WORLD'S LAST CORNER. By Theodor Plievier. Appleton-Century-Crofts. $3. This is a baffling book. The bafflement begins on the title page, where it is stated that it is "adapted from a translation by Robert Pick," deepens overleaf, where a note adds that it "combines in adapted form material from two novels," and becomes well-nigh impenetrable as one goes on into the text. "What goes on here?" I found myself asking at least once per chapter. And at the end I was still waiting for the answer.

Theodor Plievier is a distinguished German novelist, the author of the

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 415

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 415 will be found in the next issue.

SFSC ISJC' AHOR HJC'M

H ISR KW LKESE.

—VHLQNE QKKB QKCCSUUP.

Answer to Crypt No. 414

Inconsistency is the lifebreath of realism. —J. C. Powys.

Donnelly
Bryan
Altgeld

Midwestern Progressive Politics

By Russel B. Nye

Coxey
Norris
La Follette

The Grangers and Greenbackers, Ignatius Donnelly and Sockless Jerry Simpson, William Jennings Bryan and Fighting Bob La Follette, Woodrow Wilson and F.D.R. —all take their places in this panoramic view of the progressive spirit in American history. Comparing the political philosophies of Theodore Roosevelt and of La Follette and his colleagues, the author shows the distinctions between the Eastern variety of progressivism and its Midwestern counterpart, which, for all of the limitations as well as strength of an essentially regional movement, he regards as an expression of the American tradition of unrest and protest against social, economic, or political injustice.

MICHIGAN STATE COLLEGE PRESS

East Lansing, Michigan

416 pages $5.00

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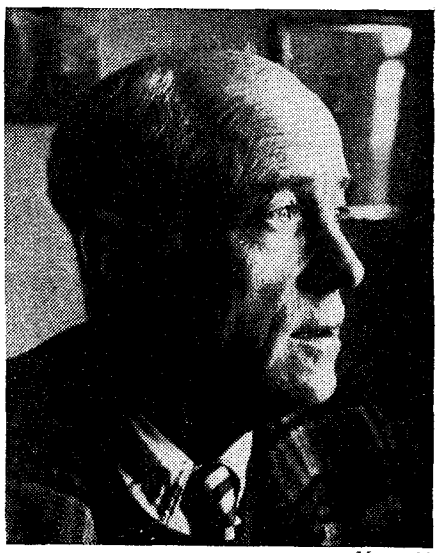
massive and powerful "Stalingrad," which was published here in 1948. "The World's Last Corner" finds him several light-years removed from that great struggle both in locale and subject matter. The story—or, rather stories—unfold on the west coast of South America. Its chief characters are an assortment of beached seamen of many nations, sweating out a precarious and haphazard existence among the nitrate mines, cantinas, jails, and brothels of various squalid coastal towns.

The narrative (inevitably, I suppose, since it is based on *two* novels) falls into two scarcely related parts. In the first part the central character is one Wenzel, a young, attractive, and basically decent German seaman, who has jumped ship and is looking for the main chance in the remote flea-bitten little world in which he finds himself. He becomes involved first in an illegal fishing enterprise, then with the unsavory machinations of a nitrate company, and in between times with a variety of women. At the end his better nature asserts itself and he clears out rather than act as a strikebreaker during a ruction at the nitrate mines.

In the second half of the book the scene shifts to another coastal area, all the Part One characters except Wenzel disappear, and he himself moves down into a secondary role. At center stage now are Slimmy, a discredited ex-skipper, who earns his liquor money by hiring (*i.e.*, shanghaiing) beached sailors for passing ships, and Milly, the hard-cased proprietress of a waterfront rooming-house, who can give Slimmy cards and spades at his own game and still doublecross him. Most of this section is concerned with their rounding up of a crew for a hell ship called the *Alpha Crucis*, which is currently in the harbor; and Wenzel steps back into prominence only at the end. Here again he is faced with a moral problem: Shall he stand by safely and in fact profit while his companions are shanghaied or throw in his lot with them? And again he makes what is for him the only possible decision.



—*Maywald.*

Theodor Plievier—"what-goes-on-here?"

This is the only unifying element in the two parts of "The World's Last Corner." It is also, I assume, what might be called its theme. Can a man, asks Plievier, maintain his basic decency and humanity in a world where the norm is to live like a wolf? This man could, he answers. A few can. But not many.

Or at least I think that is what he asks and answers. The book is so loosely constructed, its scenes so oblique, its minor characters so numerous and fleeting that it is hard to tell what is happening or what the happenings mean. "What-goes-on-here?" is a common enough sensation in life itself, but one feels entitled to at least a few direction markers in the pages of a book.

"The World's Last Corner" has flesh and flavor. It is a pity that it never gets down to telling a coherent story.

—James Ramsay Ullman.

THE GOLDEN LIE. By Thomas Hal Phillips. Rinehart. $3. In the town of Old Shiloh there was a large group hag-ridden by religion, people who moved beneath the cloak of holiness as maggots under a dead dog, uncleanly. Of these Savannah Lloyd was a saint. Roy Bynum, share cropper, was another. Yet these two had more than they could do to keep down their human emotions, flog and pray over them as they might. To the struggle between religious and physical passion—which has been written about before—Mr. Phillips brings a freshness and a sympathy that is gratifying.

Savannah's son and husband, less confused in their emotions, baffled and frightened her. Their tolerance for their worldly neighbors both white and colored irritated her. Thrown together by her violent disapproval, father and son became close with that restrained and tender closeness of which only men seem capable.

"The Golden Lie" is a book about many things. It tells of the security of a young boy whose love is deep rooted in his father and of a father's understanding of his son. It deals with tolerance, without once, as far as I can remember, mentioning the word. There is much about religious self-delusion, smugness, and hypocrisy. Yet never is the sound of ax-grinding audible in anything that Hal Phillips writes. His style is as quiet as the sound of creek water lapping at a grassy bank. There is beauty in "The Golden Lie" and laughter which bubbles up spontaneously but is never

Thomas Hal Phillips—"there is beauty."

cruel. And there are characters who are obviously the sort of people Hal Phillips has known always. He has not called upon the sensational to impress nor the macabre to horrify. He has eschewed the posturings of so many of his fellow writers from the South and has told a story of genuine people in simple words that have the beauty of poetry. Not even in the magnificent and dramatic climax is he tempted from the quietness of his telling. —Christine Noble Govan.

A TEAR FOR JUDAS. By LeGette Blythe. Bobbs-Merrill. $3. Besides a well-received biography of Marshal Ney Mr. Blythe has a successful Biblical novel to his credit. His present offering is again a novel about the times of Christ. He attempts to give human traits to Judas Iscariot—the man whose name grew to be the very symbol of treachery, greed, and moral blindness. He has done a neat job. The days of changing values and violence into which Judas was born are presented convincingly, and the usual array of detail is kept within bounds. The little boy who is a witness to the crucifixion of one of his kin is a pathetic figure. The anti-Roman fanaticism of the young man is, of course, seen through twentieth-century eyes; and so is his tortuous affection for the attractive niece of the High Priest Caiaphas, which plays a great part in the deft plot the author superimposes on the story as told by the Gospels. In his account Judas sees in Jesus of Nazareth the force able to rid the Jews of the Roman yoke or even to work vengeance on Rome for the atrocities she commits; Jesus's preoccupation—to call it that—with concerns far higher puzzle and upset Judas. That conflict contributes to making of him a tragical character rather than a downright despicable one in spite of

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many a repulsive trait in him. The book's title is not inappropriate. To find fault with its partly pedestrian, partly purple writing would mean to criticize the whole genre of present-day popular religious fiction. To readers desirous of having the sublime story retold once again in "modern" terms and with a new facet added "A Tear for Judas" will be no disappointment.

—ROBERT PICK.

JOHN BROWN'S SOUL. By Jerome Ellison. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $3. The propaganda novel has assumed many forms but rarely any as curiously uncoordinated as this. This one begins, beguilingly enough, as a sort of gentle suburban comedy. John Brown is a nice, commuting architect, and he and his wife Peg face all those little domestic problems we have come to expect in the lives of serial-story couples. Then after about a hundred pages we discover with disconcerting suddenness that John isn't nearly as nice as we had thought him. For one thing he drinks. Also, he is full of murderous impulses and unresolved hostilities. In fact, he almost murders a man with whom Peg has stayed out all night. Bingo. A swift change of pace. John tries psychoanalysis.

For another third of the book we share the analyst's couch with John. We discover about his childhood all those things which writers have been culling from Mr. Freud's collected works for a long time. In fact, we discover the Oedipus complex. John does, too. But the author in effect asks, Does this help him?—and the answer is, No. John still has murder in his heart. This time he almost murders Peg. Bingo, again. Another change of pace.

This time a combination of Alcoholics Anonymous and religious meditation sets John straight. He retreats to a monastery, and after some conversations with a priest there he gives up drinking, divorces Peg, and marries a childhood sweetheart. "This," he realizes somewhat confusingly, "is what it is to love God and each other."

That the author has a message is certain. That it has to do with the efficacy of religious faith is also clear. (Father Stark, his religious protagonist, has a few conversational gambits that run for fifteen pages or more.) But beyond that all is darkness.

—EDWARD J. FITZGERALD.

PORTRAIT OF ISABELLE. By Elizabeth Corbett. Lippincott. $3. Mrs. Corbett has called this latest novel the life story of a happy woman. She has, alas, become so obsessed with creating the "happy" story of a "happy woman" that she has eliminated not only unhappiness and disaster from the life of her heroine but also all interest and excitement. Her charac-

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
LILIES IN HER GARDEN GREW *Frederick C. Davis* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Private 'tec Cole goes to protect beautiful Liza from "prowlers," finds a crazy household, Liza lying, fantastic doings in the back garden under New York's windows.	Improvisational hodge-podge of NY scene (realistic), theatre types (maybe), and murders (implausible). Cole mainly concerned with Liza's hair. Style momentarily readable.	Rather senseless nightmares
THE IVORY DAGGER *Patricia Wentworth* (Lippincott: $2.50)	The lovely Lila walks in her sleep—but did she stab Herbert — suitor being forced on her? Herbert definitely irritating to many; Miss Silver knits and listens and solves.	English country-house setting pleasant; Miss Silver's quiet omniscience likewise. No thriller, but good, meaty, old-fashioned mystery-story pattern.	Thanks, Miss Wentworth
MURDER BY MAIL *Fenn McGrew* (Rinehart: $2.50)	Marian Sayne, nympho-beauty of college town, gets bashed in mid-campus. Repressed sister, respected doctor boss, faculty suitors —all vulnerable.	Letter technique—gossipy faculty wife to friend in T. B. sanitarium—helps ingeniously to solve plot while telling story. Knowing, effective small-college satire.	Verbose but intelligent

—KATHLEEN SPROUL.

BORZOI BOOKS

"More About Words"

by

JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON

MARGARET S ERNST, wife of the New York lawyer, Morris Ernst, about a decade ago . . . did a book called "In A Word," with pictures, some of you may recall, by James Thurber. She's also done a similar book for young people called just "Words." Ever since her first book, the one with the Thurber pictures, people have been at her to go on with the subject.

NOW she has. Her new book, "More About Words" (Knopf: $3), is exactly what her readers have been waiting for. In it she discusses some 230 interesting words, one to a page, producing a book which the amateur of words (note the Latin sense: "amateur" from the word for "lover") will find as charming, as informative and altogether as delightful as her first. In this case, by the way, the famous book designer, W. A. Dwiggins, who was simply supposed to design the book, fell so deeply in love with the author's text that he did a drawing for every word of the book—sly, amusing, simple yet admirable drawings that often provide as much entertainment as the text itself.

TO Mrs. Ernst almost any word is packed with meaning, suggestion and interest. Here she discusses quite as many ordinary words as she does oddities — though the oddities are often amusing, too.

IT may or may not have occurred to you, for instance, that the word "labor" is part of the word "laboratory" (a place to work) and also is inside "elaborate" — worked over The word has its root in the Latin "laborem," which meant toil, distress, trouble and not "labor" purely in our sense of exertion of mind or body . . .

AT any rate, her book is a delight, chiefly because of her mild yet sensitive humor You'll find it throughout, but nowhere better exemplified than under her notes to the word "orchid," in which, after explaining the root of the word, she says blandly, "Its etymology would be a distinct surprise to the girls who wear the flowers," and then adds innocently, "Or at any rate, to some of them."

(From *The San Francisco Chronicle*) Adv't.

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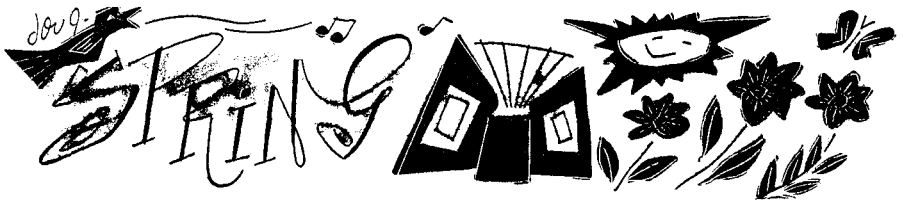

ters end up by appearing almost lifeless, her plot drags, and her net result is a very dull novel.

Isabelle is the daughter of a Middle Western school superintendent. She is pretty, vivacious, energetic, and high-spirited. With no preliminary disappointments in love, she meets and becomes engaged to "the right man" at seventeen, marries at twenty. Her husband makes enough money for them to have three children (two girls, one boy), a large house in the country, clothes, friends, parties, etc., etc. He is consistently kind, courteous, faithful, and deeply in love with Isabelle until the day he dies. Her children grow up, having presented no serious problems in child training, marry, produce grandchildren. Now Isabelle is a widow and a grandmother, living with her second daughter, Mavis, in New York. Mavis's life is considerably less tranquil and orderly than her brother's or sister's, thank heaven, and into Mrs. Corbett's account of Isabelle's sojourn with Mavis a few flickers of life penetrate. Mavis weathers a one-week marriage to a man killed in World War I, struggles for success as a scene designer, and has an affair with an egotistical author. Ultimately, however, she meets and marries "Mr. Right," and the story ends with Isabelle's death.

Isabelle is happy because Mrs. Corbett does not allow anything "unhappy" to touch her heroine. She emerges as nothing more than a stuffed doll, with only the most superficial sketching in of her character. The same is unfortunately true of the majority of other characters.

—Stephanie B. Mahin.

THE BRIEF YEAR. By Grace Jamison Breckling. Westminster Press, Philadelphia. $3. For one brief year the small, narrow-minded town of Middle Grove, Illinois, was stirred to its sluggish depths by the presence of Dereck Wyngate, the new school principal. Wyngate had radical ideas about religion and social service. Worst of all, he taught "evolution"—whatever that was. He tilted at the windmills of prejudice, gossip, and cruelty—and he almost won.

But the combination of a wife who had long been the town's play-girl and who had no thought except for her own pleasure and of the young man's outlandish ideas were too much. For only a year were the smug, stupid folk stirred up—a year that was to leave ripples of improvement behind but would soon be forgotten by most. To Sharon McGregor, however, this year was to be the turning point in her life. At sixteen, intelligent, ripe for love, and as yet untouched by experience, Sharon recognized in Wyngate another eager spirit. Mrs. Breckling does not make the inartistic mistake of writing a "love story." Instead she has, with humor, tenderness, and rare discrimination shown the wonder of a young girl's first awakening.

—C.N.G.

AND THE STARS SHALL FALL. By True Bowen. A. A. Wyn. $3.50. The heroine of this first novel by a young Ohioan is Alix of Hesse, Empress Alexandra of Russia, the last czaritsa. Miss Bowen has her facts correct, and no one will blame her for seeing history as she does. Queen Victoria, Alix's overpowering grandmother; the Duke of Clarence, whom Alix first was supposed to marry; her own provincial family at Darmstadt; the Kaiser in his vulgar ebulliency; Alix's loving weak cousin and later husband, Nicholas; his formidable mother, whose hatred of the German princess never was to relent; the various grand dukes of the cabal-ridden St. Petersburg court; the ailing czarevitch; and finally Rasputin—they make all their proper entries and exits, drop the right cues, and are about as true to life as their effigies would be, or were, at Madame Tussaud's. The trouble with them only starts when these figures are made to talk or think. There are flashes of credibility in the mixture of devotion and fear with which the young Alix approaches her exalted station. But these are no more than isolated moments, really. The ultimate tragedy of the imperial family cannot fail to be moving. Miss Bowen, however, is at her best in describing court pageantry. The monstrous Rasputin as presented by her belongs rather to the comics. In short, this authoress has not yet reached the perfection of Bertita Harding in the field.

—R. P.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Cassandra. 2. Hepzibah Pyncheon. 3. Archie Goodwin. 4. Rachel Verinder. 5. Liliom. 6. Orestes. 7. Tartuffe. 8. Tantalus. 9. Ephraim Tutt. 10. Brom Bones. 11. Rustico. 12. Orsino. 13. Naomi. 14. Thor. 15. Ellen Douglas.

ASIA

(*Continued from page 17*)

veracity. Such is her treatment, for example, of William C. Bullitt's assertion that "nearly half of the 1,500-man [American] military 'mission' was composed of fellow travelers and Communist sympathizers."

In general Miss Utley's performance is a smooth one. Sometimes, however, she slips. In chapter three, for example, she argues that Kuomintang corruption was, after all, nothing new in China and no worse than in some Western countries. Yet in chapter seven, while discussing a different topic, she approvingly quotes the following statement by Tillman Durdin of *The New York Times* (one of the very few writers on China whom she wholeheartedly praises): "It was so utterly hopeless in 'Free China.' The graft, the misery, the lack of will to fight any more. Even I felt that it could not be worse and must be better in Communist China."

Following her historical analysis Miss Utley devotes the rest of her book to a lengthy indictment of the many American organizations, publications, and individuals whom she regards either as having been actively sympathetic to Communism or as lending themselves to the spread of Communist propaganda. Besides Owen Lattimore her list includes most of the better-known writers on modern China of the past twenty years. Among publications it includes such organs as the Sunday *Book Review* and Sunday *Magazine* of *The New York Times*, *The Saturday Evening Post*, *Collier's*, *SRL*, *Time*, and *Life*. After reading this indictment one cannot help but think of the private who suddenly discovered that everyone in his company was out of step save himself. Miss Utley never quite reaches the point of calling anyone an actual Communist. Short of this, however, she leaves no doubt of what she is thinking, making liberal use of innuendo.

In the present crisis, when more than ever before an objective understanding of what is happening in the Far East is needed, this book seeks to discredit and intimidate those who might contribute to this understanding. In its readiness to fit facts to formula and its uncompromising intolerance toward any deviators from its own dogma it disturbingly resembles the techniques of those same Communists whom it excoriates.

Derk Bodde is in the Oriental Studies department at the University of Pennsylvania and is author of "Peking Diary: A Year of Revolution."

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TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AFTER

(Continued from page 7)

professors of American literature at the great European universities. American plays, low-brow and high-brow, were being applauded in the European capitals. American books were being translated into every European language, and they were being read with enthusiasm.

The exiles were still too young in 1930 to be responsible for the change; their effect on the international position of American writing would come in later years. So far as the change was produced by literary efforts it was the work of an older generation. The literary scene had been dominated for ten years by a group of powerful writers that included Dreiser, Anderson, Mencken, Lewis, O'Neill, Willa Cather, and Robert Frost. As a group they had fought against the prevailing convention of gentility or niceness and they had won the right to present each his own picture of life in his own language. They had spoken with force enough to be heard outside their country, and one of them, Sinclair Lewis, would soon be the first American to win the Nobel Prize for literature.

It would, however, be innocent to suppose that this award, with the recognition it implied for Lewis and his colleagues, was purely an honor paid to literary merit. There was also the fact that American literature had come to seem more important because America herself was more important in world affairs. In December 1930 when the Swedish Academy gave Lewis a prize that it hadn't offered to Mark Twain or Henry James it wasn't really saying that it regarded Lewis as a greater writer; it was in large part acknowledging that the United States was a more powerful country than it had been in 1910.

The representative quality of Lewis's work was emphasized in a welcoming address by the permanent secretary of the Swedish Academy. "Yes," he said, "Sinclair Lewis is an American. He writes the new language—American—as one of the representatives of a hundred and twenty million souls." Lewis answered in the same spirit as a spokesman for his generation of American writers. He attacked the genteel tradition that had prevailed in his younger days; he called the roll of his literary colleagues who might have received the prize, beginning with Dreiser and O'Neill; he complained of the artist's lot in American society, and he ended by praising the writers of a younger generation than his own—"most of them living now in Paris, most of them a little insane in the tradition of James Joyce, who however insane they may be have refused to be genteel and traditional and dull.

"I salute them," he concluded, "with a joy in being not yet too far removed from their determination to give to the America that has mountains and endless prairies, enormous cities and far lost cabins, billions of money and tons of faith, to an America that is as strange as Russia and as complex as China, a literature worthy of her vastness."

Although the exiles were gratified by his praise of their work and liked his truculent generosity they didn't agree with his statement of their aims. They had never felt the desire to give America "a literature worthy of her vastness." The phrase sounded too much like an invitation to make vast surveys of American geography and the American past. What the exiles wanted to portray was the lives and hearts of individual Americans. They thought that if they could once learn to do this task superlatively well their work would suggest the larger picture without their making a pretentious effort to present the whole of it. They wanted their writing to be true—that was a word they used over and over—and they wanted its effect to be measured in depth, not in square miles of surface. Moreover, they had an ideal of perfection gained from their study of foreign writers and they wanted to apply the ideal at home. They didn't want to write family sagas or epics of the Northwest, huge as the Chicago Auditorium and with nothing inside but strangers seated on rows of folding chairs. They wanted to build smaller structures, each completely new but with the native quality of New England meeting houses or Pennsylvania barns, each built with patient pride, each perfectly adapted to the life it was intended to shelter.

THE EXILES had changed during their years in Europe, and especially they had changed their notions of what American literature should be. They had gone abroad in almost total ignorance of everything written in this country before 1910—among the American classics they had read "Huckleberry Finn" and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" and perhaps "Moby Dick," but that was about all. American literature wasn't taught in the colleges except incidentally, and the older American books weren't mentioned in literary discussions. The

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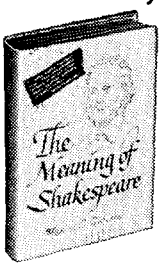

at times daring to the point of rashness, but no other Shakespearean commentary I happen to know seems to drive to the heart of the poet as does this one. Reading it has been an exciting experience for me."

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New England tradition had died of anemia, and the only nineteenth-century authors to be admired were French or English or Russian.

That continued to be the accepted opinion during their years in Europe. The exiles studied French authors: Flaubert, Proust and Gide, Rimbaud and Mallarmé. With more immediate interest they studied Joyce, who was in the tradition of Flaubert, and Eliot, who was in the tradition of the French symbolist poets. They had more to learn from French than from English masters at the time, and moreover the French influence proved to be safer for young American writers because it was in a different language. If they had studied English authors in the same fashion they would have become at best disciples and at worst copyists. Studying French literature, on the other hand, they tried to reproduce its best qualities in another language; the effort forced them to make a difficult, fruitful search for equivalents.

The language in which they tried to re-create the French qualities was not literary English but colloquial American. That was among the unexpected effects of their exile: it was in Paris that some of them, notably Ernest Hemingway, worked on the problem of transforming Midwestern speech into a medium for serious fiction. Others worked on the problem of giving a legendary quality to Southern or Midwestern backgrounds. The result of all these labors was a new literature so different from its French models that when the American writers of the lost generation became popular in France, as they did before and after World War II, the French spoke of them as being powerful, a little barbarous, and completely original. The French critics had failed to realize that these foreigners belonged in part to the tradition of Flaubert.

The returning exiles had also rejoined an American tradition older than Flaubert, and that was the most interesting effect of their years abroad. Ignorant of their own literature, starting over as it were from the beginning and using foreign models for their apprentice work, the exiles ended by producing a type of writing that was American in another fashion than anyone had expected. Although critics were slow to find parallels in the American past, it finally became evident that some qualities of the new writing had been encountered before. The careful workmanship, the calculation of effects even when the novelist seemed to be writing in a casual style, the interest in fine shades of behavior (including abnormal behavior), the hauntedness and the gift for telling a headlong story full of violent action—all these qualities had appeared many times in American literature, beginning with Charles Brockden Brown, our first serious novelist, and extending in different combinations through the work of Poe, Hawthorne, Melville, Henry James, Stephen Crane, and many minor writers, so that they seemed to express a constant strain in the American character. Here was a tradition that had been broken for a time, but the new novelists had re-established it, and that was perhaps the most important result of their adventure.

One footnote to the adventure is that they were followed westward across the Atlantic by hundreds of European writers. First came the Germans opposed to Hitler (with a few anti-Fascist Italians), then the Spanish Republicans, then the Austrians, then Jewish writers of many nations, then after the Second War began scores of Frenchmen and Belgians and Central Europeans who had lost their refuge in France. There was a time when New York was what Paris had been in 1920, the place where every writer wanted to be, the capital of the literary world. Then the war ended, the French and the Belgians went home, and many of the radical writers were deported, while new refugees from the Iron Curtain countries arrived to take their places—but that is another story and one that is still to be told.

Malcolm Cowley is the editor of "The Portable Hemingway" and "The Portable Faulkner." This essay is drawn from the revised edition of his "Exile's Return," a literary history of the 1920's, which will be published June 11 by the Viking Press.

Lover

By Joseph Joel Keith

I AM in love with summer.
Let the flesh and mind
suckle like an infant.
Let the senses find

cream and wine of summer.
Drain the whole fruit dry,
strip the branches barren.
Let me turn from sky.

Face-down, let me fondle
every rounded hill,
all the virgin grasses,
every bud until

all my weary being,
wed to this loveliness
seared in a late, late summer
knows the things that bless:

though the frost of autumn
chills, warm currents run,
saved from abundant summer
and full form in the sun.

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NEW EDITIONS

FEW MIDDLE-AGED readers can pick up "Ivanhoe" today without finding themselves among characters and incidents that were long ago fixed in their memories. Cedric the Saxon, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, Front-de-Boeuf, the Black Knight, Isaac of York, Rowena, Rebecca, Wamba and Gurth, Wilfrid of Ivanhoe—these and their companions are men and women we have known almost all our lives. The tourney at Ashby-de-la-Zouche, the siege of Torquilstone, mad Ulrica singing her death-song atop the flaming tower, the worsting of Fitzurse and his men in Locksley's forest glade, Rebecca's vindication—these are episodes that once seemed as wonderfully exciting to us as they did to the first readers of "Ivanhoe" in 1820.

And what do we think of this famous novel now when we reread it, perhaps in the handsome Heritage Press edition ($5), spiritedly illustrated by Edward A. Wilson? Well, it seems to me that we must think it a mixture of good and bad, of enduring merits and once fashionable faults. On the credit side are Scott's ability to keep a story moving, his skill in scenes of action, his descriptive powers, his simple but effective way with characters, and his honest sentiment. As for faults, critics have long since exposed the historical and chronological errors that abound in "Ivanhoe," including the author's grave misconceptions regarding the relations of Saxons and Normans towards the close of the twelfth century; but the novelist himself forestalled these critics at least partially by candidly admitting that he "may have confused the manners of two or three centuries," and we can easily forgive such lapses and mistakes, for the sake of the story, although we may deplore them. What is really hard to swallow today is the melodramatic magniloquence, the verbal fustian in which Scott's readers once reveled. Cedric reviling Ulrica and Ulrica gloating above the couch of the dying Front-de-Boeuf were once, we may be sure, profoundly moving scenes. Today they are ridiculous. So, if we are to reread "Ivanhoe" with enjoyment we must be prepared for such passages as this: "'Ay, Reginald Front-de-Boeuf,' answered she, 'it is Ulrica!—it is the daughter of the murdered Torquil Wolfganger!—it is the sister of his slaughtered sons! it is she who demands of thee, and of thy father's house, father and kindred, name and fame—all that she has lost by the name of Front-de-Boeuf! Think of my wrongs, Front-de-Boeuf, and answer me if I speak not truth. Thou hast been my evil angel, and I will be thine; I will dog thee till the very instant of dissolution!'"

Yes, we must be well prepared—but if we are we can recapture some of the pleasures of youth.

MAKING another, but shorter, return journey—this time to "The Plays of Eugene O'Neill" (Random House, 3 vols., $15)—I am impressed anew by O'Neill's ceaseless experimentation, by his constant refusal, even at the risk of abject failure, to imitate his own successes. Such refusals are rare among artists. And what has he been trying to say all these years? It can be summed up neatly, I think, in a line from one of his most remarkable plays, "The Great God Brown." When Brown lies dead at the last a police captain bends over his body and asks: "Well, what's his name?" Cybel replies: "Man!" And then the captain, with notebook and pencil ready, demands: "How d'yuh spell it?" That is the question that Eugene O'Neill has been asking and trying to answer, with varying success, for so long.

Readers looking for well-chosen, well-edited one-volume editions of the "selected works" of certain famous authors should examine the attractive new Reynard Library, published in England and imported by the Harvard University Press. Now available are "Johnson," selected by Mona Wilson, "Sterne," selected by Douglas Grant, "Browning," selected by Simon Nowell-Smith, and "Goldsmith," selected by Richard Garnett ($4.25 each). In format these admirably designed, cleanly printed books are rather reminiscent of a similar series produced some years ago by the Nonesuch Press; but the casings of these new volumes will, I fear, hardly match the proved sturdiness of the Nonesuch stitched bindings. I am particularly glad to note that this library includes the best work of an old favorite of mine—hard-working, hard-pressed, versatile Oliver Goldsmith.

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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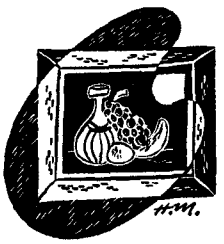
THE FINE ARTS

PIERO DELLA FRANCESCA



THE TWENtieth century, as often remarked in this column, has been singularly rich in discovery as to the art of the past, vastly extending the amount and range of esthetic material which demands and is worthy of serious attention. When one considers how many neglected masters our epoch has exhumed, how many valid cultures it has appraised anew—those of Africa, the South Pacific, and Latin America, to name only conspicuous examples—one feels justified in claiming that ours has been a very great era in matters of artistic exploration. I wonder, too, whether any previous half-century has produced so many authoritative monographs on masters who, if known and to some extent appreciated in preceding centuries, were never until lately studied in adequate detail. Certainly a fine art library could be assembled from books issued since 1900. It would include well-illustrated and scholarly works on many of the outstanding masters since antiquity. To the impressive list may now be added Sir Kenneth Clark's long-awaited monograph on the incomparable mid-fifteenth-century Italian painter, Piero della Francesca.*

How astonishing that Piero's art should have been so long relegated to an inconspicuous place! He is clearly one of the greatest artists in all history. Perhaps, as Sir Kenneth suggests, he was too classic for the nineteenth century, which often colored its classical swigs with romanticism's grenadine. At any rate, as Sir Kenneth adds, it is true that Piero's rediscovery began when the art of men like Cézanne and Seurat finally turned our attention once more to structural grandeur. The juxtaposition of Seurat's name with Piero's is apt, for in their separate styles and times these two men created an art almost unrivaled for serene dignity. I don't know whether Seurat knew and admired Piero's work or not; probably not. In any case it is a truism of art history that major artists often base their noblest visions on minor sources, as Seurat did in converting Puvis de Chavannes's ailing and gray Arcadianism into an instrument of the richest poetic expression.

Equally apparent is the fact that some of the foremost masters of the past have had on the whole an enervating effect on their living heirs. Piero's art is a case in point. Whereas men like Grünewald and El Greco have been a potent inspirational force among twentieth century painters Piero has not. It is difficult to think of many modern artists who have profited directly from his superlative example. Among these artists his countrymen seem to have rediscovered him first. As early as the closing years of the First World War Italian painters like Carlo Carrà were hailing his art along with that of Paolo Uccello and the Douanier Rousseau—a strange yet compatible trio—as a signpost toward a revived humanism, a regained innocence. Pierro's influence continues in Italy today in the work of Pompeo Borra and other rather minor artists. Meanwhile it has spread abroad. Piero can never have meant much to the German expressionists, for whom calm was an odious virtue, but in England traces of him are to be found in the work of an occasional maverick like Stanley Spencer. In France Piero was greatly admired by the neo-romantics of the mid-1920's, especially by Christian Bérard, but they used his lessons cautiously, perhaps fearing direct quotations. As to America, the Renaissance master's example is oppressively apparent in the pictures of the men lately christened the "symbolic realists," and only Ben Shahn has been strong enough to adapt one or two motifs from Piero to his own intensely personal use.

The truth is, I imagine, that the emotional turmoil of our time finds Piero too Olympian for today's bold creative ventures, with rare exceptions. I find it hard to believe that technical considerations are at the root of the matter, though one of Piero's central preoccupations — linear perspective—has run counter to most contemporary artists' eager acceptance of the flat limitations of the painter's canvas. At any rate, you will find few elements of his art in the work of the leading artists here and abroad. But we must not get into the habit of considering earlier art solely in terms of currently helpful assimilability. For certain artists of the past have an authority which lies outside today's esthetic business. It is the function of scholars and amateurs to keep the names of these men alive and fresh as an essential supplement to that perpetual reappraisal of tradition which comes about through the activity and tastes of living artists.

SIR KENNETH CLARK'S book on Piero is a most important contribution to research of the former kind. And frequently it carries to a very high level that eloquence of phrasing which is often the gift of English art historians and critics. For example, when he describes perspective as "the Renaissance *mystique* of measurement" we are aware at once that we are reading inspired as well as accurate prose. Moreover, it is not in historical fact alone that Sir Kenneth's comments are illuminating and deft. Listen to his description of the magnificent "Resurrection" in the tiny town of Borgo San Sepolcro, where Piero was born and where this masterwork by him appropriately hangs: "But before Piero's risen Christ we are suddenly conscious of values for which no rational statement is adequate; we are struck with a feeling of awe, older and less reasonable than that inspired by the Blessed Angelico. This country god, who rises in the gray light while humanity is still asleep, has been worshiped ever since man first knew that seed is not dead in the winter earth but will force its way upwards through an iron crust. Later He will become a god of rejoicing, but His first emergence is painful and involuntary. He seems to be part of the dream which lies so heavily on the sleeping soldiers; and has Himself the doomed and distant gaze of a somnambulist." I cannot image a more evocative and penetrating description of one of the most memorable images in all Christian art, an image so implacable because of its supernatural quiet that even those to whom religion is ordinarily of little concern feel overwhelmed in its presence.

There is one point in Sir Kenneth's

*PIERO DELLA FRANCESCA. By Kenneth Clark. New York: Oxford University Press. 210 pp. $8.50.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 896)

AMY KELLY:
ELEANOR OF AQUITAINE
[*AND THE FOUR KINGS*]

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—*National Gallery, London.*

"The Nativity," by Piero della Francesca—"one of the greatest artists in all history."

text which I find rather puzzling. I think he tends to underrate the works of Piero's late career, seeing in them signs of a decline of interest in the painter's craft, particularly after roughly 1468. He says, to be specific, that for ten years after that date "he [Piero] continued to paint admirably, sometimes nobly, but frigidly, without heart or appetite, and with increasing help of assistants, as if the occupation bored him." Sir Kenneth does make an exception to this generalization—"The Nativity" in the National Gallery of London (see illustration), which is generally thought to be a late work. How can anyone believe that an artist still capable of so lyric an image had really lost faith in painting? There is no more poetic work in the entire fifteenth century, and if Piero had supplemented his great fresco cycle at Arezzo only with this one picture we should still regard him as a very, very great master.

Toward the end of Sir Kenneth's admirable text there is a succinct exposition of Piero's essential quality. It goes as follows: "No painter has shown more clearly the common foundation in Mediterranean culture of Christianity and paganism. His Madonna is the great mother, his risen Christ the slain god; his altar is set up on the threshing floor, his saints have trodden in the wine-press. It is a serious antiquity without either the frenzies of Dionysus or the lighter impulse of the Olympians. Yet it is profoundly antique. This unquestioning sense of brotherhood, of dignity, of the returning seasons, and of the miraculous has often survived many changes of dogma and organizations and may yet save Western man from the consequences of materialism."

—James Thrall Soby.

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Fragments of Greatness

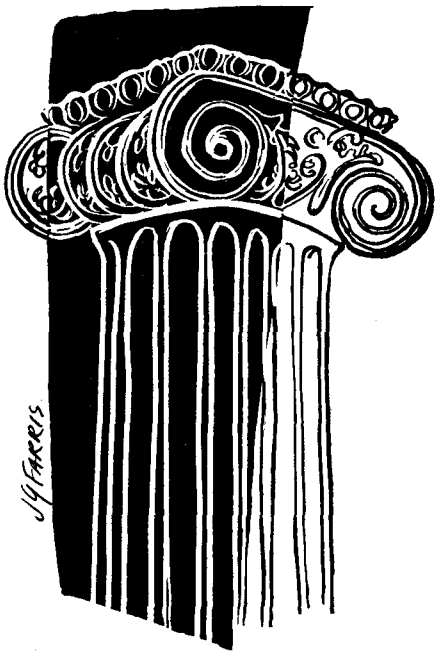
CLUNIAC ART OF THE ROMANESQUE PERIOD. By Joan Evans. New York: Cambridge University Press. 134 *pp.* 426 *illustrations.* $14.

By Harry Bober

IN DEALING with her subject—the art of what was once the most powerful monastic organization of Europe—Joan Evans continues the difficult task undertaken in her earlier study of the architecture of Cluny. Difficult because the great church itself exists today only as a single transept, all that remains of the vast center of a mighty monastic empire ravaged in the sixteenth century and by the French Revolution. Not only did most of its sculpture perish, but its paintings and libraries were all but completely destroyed. Yet the greatness of the Cluniac achievement is eloquently manifested in the few remaining capitals which stand among the finest works of Romanesque art. Miss Evans industriously and thoroughly gathers all precious fragments of the extant works identifiable with Cluny itself and complements them with the art of dependent houses of the far-flung monastic order. The result is a magnificent collection of illustrations comprising a rich treasury of Romanesque art of the eleventh and early twelfth centuries. For Cluny itself every textual allusion is adduced to supply evidence for lost works.

We must credit Miss Evans with a most valuable compilation of material, especially interesting for its careful documentation of sources. But it is often painfully clear that her understanding of Romanesque style is far short of her love for the works themselves. In dealing with ornamental capitals of the Corinthian type, for instance, she views them primarily with respect to the success of their imitation of Roman models. But the author scarcely treats the more significant point that even those which are "remarkably accurate versions of the antique" reveal in their Romanesque character fundamental stylistic differences. Her cyclical picture of the evolution of Cluniac style is neat but misleading. Rude beginnings, great age, and decline form the very familiar pattern of a too often unsound analysis. The "decline" in this case merely reflects the personal taste of the author.

The book is mainly concerned with an investigation of the sources of Cluniac iconography, which is properly related to illuminated manuscripts and textual sources. But here, too, fundamental defects are in evidence. The relationship of the sculptures to Beatus manuscripts and liturgical drama is imposed with almost exclusive force. Thus, little attention is given to the striking evidence for connections between Cluniac and Byzantine as well as Ottonian art. The best extant Cluniac paintings, the Lectionary of Cluny and the decorations of St. Hugh's chapel at Berzé-la-Ville, show unmistakably strong Byzantine influence both in style and iconography. Similarly, numerous iconographic peculiarities can best be linked with Ottonian sources. Miss Evans herself points out that the Ottonian Emperor Henry II made gifts to Cluny but



hardly pursues the indicated line of possible effects.

More important, however, is the emphasis placed upon the Cluniac "power of creating a synthesis out of traditional material" and its integrating intellectual force. This is true enough, but in her treatment it seems to emerge miraculously from a vague background. It is, moreover, an additional factor of neglect of Byzantine sources, since by the ninth and tenth centuries there had developed in mid-Byzantine art a most subtly integrated and highly intellectualized iconographic program for church decoration. This system did spread to the West with important results. A final note must be made concerning the new interpretation of the tympanum at Vezelay, in which Miss Evans sees Christ as the Redeemer of the World. To this reviewer the analysis seems very improbable and Professor Katzenellenbogen's brilliant exposition (*Art Bulletin*, September 1944) must still stand.

Harry Bober is a member of the fine arts department of New York University.

Old Pots & Old Houses

EARLY NEW ENGLAND POTTERS AND THEIR WARES. By Lura Woodside Watkins. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 291 *pp.* $10.

SALEM INTERIORS. By Samuel Chamberlain. New York: Hastings House. 176 *pp.* $6.

By Rlene L. Howell

MRS. WATKINS'S pottery book, a definitive survey, deserves the attention of all those interested in New England pottery and history. It is a documented study which covers pot-making in New England from its meager seventeenth-century inceptions to its late nineteenth-century decline.

The book has technical material concerning the molding of clay, mixing and using glazes, and methods of firing. However, it deals mainly with the redware and stoneware potters who thrived in New England. Mrs. Watkins rightly places her emphasis on the charming red earthen utensils and the sturdy stoneware.

The early potters, a highly individual group, were beset with many difficulties both in and out of the trade. There is the story of the fiery Edward Drinker, who successfully helped lay the foundations of the industry in Charlestown but was sentenced to prison because he opposed the theory of infant damnation. Mrs. Watkins includes a chapter on courageous and unfortunate Grace Parker, the only woman to run a shop and the first to introduce stoneware. Mrs. Parker lost her husband, her children fell ill, technical production of her wares was unsuccessful, and the French and Indian Wars ruined sales. It was not unusual to read of kilns collapsing, and fires were common. Pot-making from any point of view was a risky business. Yet despite obstacles the potters persevered, and eventually an industry was established. However, after the demise of the Bennington Pottery and the Centennial of 1876 almost all craftsmanship disappeared.

Through the histories of the potters and their products Mrs. Watkins has given a chronicle of the rise and decline of a once valuable and charming industry. There has long been needed a well-documented study on the subject of American pottery. Mrs. Watkins's book on the work done in New England goes a long way toward filling this need.

Another addition to the field of New England antiquities is Mr. Chamberlain's book on one of the most beautiful towns in all New England, old

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Salem. Mr. Chamberlain with the assistance of his wife photographed fifty-two Salem houses and buildings as well as their interiors and has produced a remarkable little guide to Salem architecture and decoration.

The illustrations range from the Pickering home built in 1651, where Timothy Pickering, the Revolutionary hero, was later born, through the stately brick mansions of the Federal period to the mid-nineteenth-century Victorian house. The interiors, fortunately for the student, display period furniture in a setting for which it was intended. Most notable are the mementos of the once flourishing China trade. The ebony tables, lacquered mirrors and boxes, and China ware once belonged to the wealthy Salem sea-captains and shipowners.

Photographs of the seventeenth-century houses, especially the home of Judge Corwin, where some of the preliminary witchcraft hearings were held, remind one of the terrifying Salem debauch in which twenty-two persons and a dog were killed. The Turner-Ingersoll House was probably Nathaniel Hawthorne's House of Seven Gables. The William and Mary armchair in the dining room is pointed out today as that in which Dr. Pyncheon, Hawthorne's fictive antagonist, was found dead.

Such mansions as the Eden-Browne-Sanders House, supposedly christened "The Garden of Eden" by shipbuilder Eden with a bottle of champagne, the Richard Derby House, oldest brick building in Salem, and Hamilton Hall, so closely connected with the Federalist movement, have been beautifully preserved.

Even more important for the antiquary is the fine work of Samuel McIntire, which is visible from almost every section of old Salem. The Peirce-Nichols House, the Cook-Oliver House, and the Pingree House show every refinement of McIntire's considerable skill from his delicate moldings and mantle decorations to the over-all structure of the house.

These fine illustrations of this magnificent town are an aid to both the collector and student of American antiques.

Rlene L. Howell is a member of the staff of the department of American Decorative Arts at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

From Splendid Decades

GEORGIAN ARCHITECTURE. By A. E. Richardson. Pellegrini & Cudahy. $5. Even though Edith Wharton has warned us that Latin taste is surer than English, Americans will probably never tire of re-examining the remains of the Georgian period in the British Isles. For the Georgian decades in England were splendid, and in this unsplendid century the memory of William Beckford, who could afford to dedicate £273,000 to building an unsteady "Gothick castle," will inevitably haunt certain of us condemned to dwell in minimum housing. Moreover, our own Colonial architecture was, when all is said and done, merely the reflection of the high standards of Great Britain, albeit the British models underwent a sea change.

Something of the significance of this sea change is bound to strike any American who opens A. E. Richardson's "Georgian Architecture," whose 118 pages of plates tell of a grandeur unhappily denied to the modest men of means in the thirteen Colonies. But if the pictures remind us of splendors unknown on this side of the Atlantic they don't, since the truth must out, come up to the famous British standard of photographic reproduction. Many of the negatives were obviously taken with cheap cameras, and the resulting distortion is likely to disturb sensitive students of architecture.

As for the text, it is no more definitive than the plates. The sketches of the trends and of the leading architects might well have been restudied. Typical of the author's vagueness is his condemnation of the "external silhouettes," whatever they may be, of Sir John Soane. —WAYNE ANDREWS.

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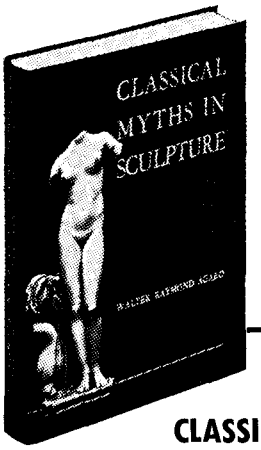

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COMPOSITION, PERFORMER ALBUM NUMBER NUMBER OF RECORDS	*Recording Technique, Surface* ENGINEERING	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
BARTOK		
BARTOK: "TWO PORTRAITS FOR ORCH." (1907-8); BARTOK-SERLY: "MIKROKOSMOS" SUITE. New Symphony, Autori; Serly. Bartok LP: BRS 303	This series was recorded by Peter Bartók in England last summer, in Kingsway Hall. The pressings are claimed flat to 15,000 (with usual equalization); single-mike style, beautifully reverberant with excellent edge in brass, strings — many another good record sounds dull (on good equipment) after these. The more dissonance, the better they sound—unlooked for advantage for once-hated 1920's music! Engineers, hi-fi-ites, will want these purely as fine recorded sound, modern or no.	While others floundered self-consciously in the new dissonance, Bartók's music from the 1920's is astonishingly, wholly integrated, mature; he emerges as a first-rank "great" in that period. With our adjusted ears plus modern recording these make extraordinary listening. The "Mikrokosmos" pf. etudes get a rather 19th-century orchestration here, too mellow for me. The "Dance Suite" is B. at top of his powers, earthy, dissonantly simple. "Mandarin," a ballet, is end of the barbaric period (à la "Sacre").
BARTOK: "DANCE SUITE" (1923). New Symphony, Autori. Bartok LP: BRS 302		
BARTOK: "THE MIRACULOUS MANDARIN"(1919). New Symphony, Serly. Bartok LP: BRS 301.		
BARTOK: VIOLIN SONATA #1 (1921). Isaac Stern, Alex. Zakin. Columbia LP: ml 4376.	A beautiful balance achieved here; proper big piano with good bass, sharp but not overbearing violin.	Again, though extremely dissonant, this is Beethovenian in its advanced, perfected organization. Far beyond the "experimental"!
BARTOK: RHAPSODY FOR PIANO, OP. 1 (1904); FIFTEEN HUNGARIAN PEASANT SONGS; SONATINA. A. Foldes; Lamoureux Orch., Désormières. Polydor-Vox LP: PL 6410	Characteristic Lamoureux sound; bit dead; the piano excellent in tone, slightly fluttery. Solo piano on other side is sharper, drier, with low flutter. Good.	Stylistically remarkable—this prolix *tour de force* of youth is full of Liszt, Rachmaninoff—yet has unmistakable Bartók idiom, notably in thematic material. Fifteen folk songs are tuneful, easily dissonant little etudes, most enjoyable.
BARTOK: THE SIX QUARTETS. Juilliard Quartet. Columbia LP's: ml 4278, 79, 80 (*Available separately*)	Recorded close, but with large-hall liveness. Nicely sharp edge. Optimum listening conditions. The quartet sounds big, orchestral, impressive.	Don't overlook this monumental set, the gamut of Bartók music "under one roof." Impeccable playing, if a shade formal, restrained. A touch more earth would have helped!
PIANO SOLO		
Beethoven BEETHOVEN: SONATAS, OP. 109, 110. Jeorg Demus. Remington LP: RLP 199-29	Top-rating piano recording. The hiss of the Remington material is not bad on average machines, loud on hi-fi.	Thoroughly musical, rather gentle playing of these contemplative giants. I'd call it outstandingly communicative.
BEETHOVEN: SONATA OP. 1060. M. Horszowski. Vox LP: PL 6750	Closer, fuller than Remington's above, but becomes hard in the louder parts. Very low flutter.	A masculine, masterful job on this "impossible" sonata, though louder, more complex parts lack legato, are hard-toned.
Liszt LISZT: SONATA IN B MINOR; "ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI"; "SON. DEL PETRARCA," #104; "HUNG. RHAPS," #12. Leonard Pennario. Capitol LP: L-8136 PIANO MUSIC OF LISZT ("Années de Pélerinage"; "St. Francis of Assisi"; "St. Francis of Paola.") Wilhelm Kempff. London LP: LLP 315	The playing of Liszt's piano music, quintessence of high Romanticism, is almost a dead art now; few younger pianists can understand and capture the massive, utterly humorless sincerity, the dead-earnest filigree, the dramatic pause, the thundering climax. Liszt must be played—and believed—straight and all-out; the slightest compromise brings the whole shaky edifice crashing to absurdity. Wilhelm Kempff, a man in Liszt's own heroic image, has the old art and his Liszt is wholly convincing. Pennario, expert at Prokofieff, plays with a more exact technique—but the grand spirit is not there; his has a 20th-century dryness, the great (and preposterous) moments are anticlimactic, the filigree precise and superfluous. Takes long hair! —EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.	

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UWAGA! Student of Polish wishes to broaden knowledge by correspondence. Box 829-G.

YOUNG MAN in a dither desires swap of mirthful mail. Box 830-G.

YOUNG MAN, intelligent, friendly, would appreciate correspondence from mature female. Box 831-G.

YOUNG professional gentleman, feeling whimsical in spring, invites correspondence from adventurous, amiable damsel, broadminded but discerning, emancipated yet feminine. Box 820-G.

TALENTED, well-educated, young female pianist, desires correspondence with well-educated male who likes music. Box 821-G.

CHARMING young career girl with varied interests, desires correspondence with charming young professional man. Box 751-G.

YOUNG WOMAN PHYSICIAN, liking people, outdoors, music, invites male correspondence: Box 962-G.

YOUNG MAN wishes companion for trip to see the national parks. Box 964-G.

LADY, congenial, versatile, would correspond with mature gentleman. Box 966-G.

YOUNG MAN, newspaper and magazine experience, *considerable social science education, wants serious* work. Box 967-G.

NEW YORK-CHERBOURG. $150, sailing June 12. Use my male tourist ticket; I cannot go. Box 968-G.

IS THERE A GAL, vivacious, lively and charming, with a sense of humor and a bit of depth, who would write to a world traveler who enjoys dancing, walking and good company? Box 971-G.

YOUNGISH EUROPEAN would like correspondence from cosmopolitan young lady. Box 972-G.

PROFESSIONAL, mature woman, interested in *friendly contacts through correspondence with middle-aged* or older, socially-minded gentleman. Box 958-G.

SCRABBLE—Best of all the word games. Postpaid anywhere in U.S. $3. *Returnable for full refund.* P & M CORP., Newtown, Conn.

SAD YOUNG ARTIST needs charming female correspondence. Box 960-G.

PERSONABLE GENTLEMAN, Foreign Service (Commerce) Graduate, traveling on the Continent. Will expedite anything. Box 961-G.

ON HUDSON RIVER, at West Park, N.Y. Stone cottage, 200 years old, 5 rooms, 2 fireplaces, bath, electricity, furnace. Furnished. On Highway 9W, 78 miles from NYC. 10-minute walk from railroad station. June-Oct., $500. Longer period possible. Box 949-G.

FRIENDLY, fairly bright, normal, mature male, invites stimulating correspondence with feminine reasonable facsimile. Box 950-G.

CHARMINGLY SECLUDED 60 acres Pomfret, Vermont, 1 mile from nearest neighbor. Old house in glen understandingly modernized, 6 rooms, 3 fireplaces, bath, ample water. No present electricity. Barn-studio, brook, mountain vista. Price $8,250. C. C. Hills, Realtor, Norwich, Vermont.

WANT to exchange views with middle-aged man interested in outdoors, travel and literature. Box 954-G.

SIMPLE FARMHOUSE, quiet locality, edge northern Maine wilderness, available summer rental. 6 bedrooms, 2 baths, 6 fireplaces, electricity, telephone. View of lake and hills; swimming, canoeing. Write Robert E. Mathews, Law College, Ohio State University, Columbus. References desired.

(Continued on page 42)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 41)

RESPONSIBLE young couple need reasonable rental NYC or commuting, permanent or sublet summer. Box 945-G.

QUITE ORDINARY GIRL invites sincere male correspondence. Box 946-G.

"DAWN"—new 16-unit apartment. For sale completely furnished. "Florida Gold Coast," 18 miles west of Panama City. Highway 98. High rental season, May 15 to Sept. 15. Gross per season, $15,000, price $67,000. Write Gayle E. Shepherd, Laguna Beach Estates, Florida.

BRITISH GRADUATE STUDENT seeks West Coast summer job. Anything remunerative. Box 948-G.

WAYMAN ADAMS STUDIOS. "The Mill"—Elizabethtown, N.Y., in the beautiful Adirondacks. Classes begin July 1. Eugene SPIRO: Portrait, Junius ALLEN: Landscape; E. Stanley TURNBULL: Watercolor. Prominent visiting artists demonstrations. For rates and particulars, address: E. Stanley Turnbull, 232 Sagamore Road, Maplewood, N.J. Telephone: Milburn 6-0552.

HOUSE FOR RENT in one of Mexico's loveliest colonial towns, completely modernized 8 rooms, 2 patios, fireplaces, tastefully and completely furnished, at $175 per month, minimum 6 months. Write Barlow, 15 East Ninth St., NYC. References required.

3 PLACES OPEN in teacher's July-August European Tour for girls under 23. Box 941-G.

TIRED, young teacher needs sparkling letters from professional men. Box 942-G.

COUNTRY GAL seeks diversion through correspondence with interesting, optimistic male. Box 943-G.

MIDDLE-AGED Ph.D., single, professor of philosophy, desires summer employment. Anything considered. Box 933-G.

MATURE LADY, well-educated, refined, vivacious, wishes correspondence mature gentleman. Box 934-G.

REFUGEE FROM TV, interested in ideas and stuff, invites feminine correspondence. Box 935-G.

WOMAN, cultured, charming, professional. Would garden lover or country dweller, mature in years, please write. Box 936-G.

DIFFERENT summer work experience for English teacher, 25 plus, attractive, dependable. Will travel. No children. Write Box 937-G.

FIRE ISLAND COTTAGES, season $750. Furman, 287 North Ocean Ave., Patchogue, L. I. Patchogue 1966.

BUSINESS WOMAN owns secluded North Jersey Shore bungalow with fireplace, piano and bar. Perfect for week-ends. 1 hour from NYC, 20 minutes drive to Monmouth Park Race Track. I am not broke but would enjoy sharing my summer hide-out with another Merry Widow or responsible couple. Divide expenses, which are moderate. I live alone and do not like it. Box 981-G.

FOR NATURE LOVERS ONLY. RENT! Amidst towering pines and unbelievable scenery, an ultra modern cottage, fireplace, $400 season. Others, $300; $45 week. All new conveniences, including TELEVISION! Brook, lake nearby; food delivered. 80 miles NYC. Write for directions, description. Box 867-G. Molnar, LExington 2-8795 (NYC).

FOR SALE OR RENT, Sayville, L.I. farm. 55 miles NYC, approximately 2½ acres. 7-room, modernized house, terrace, double garage, outbuildings, no heat. $8,500. Summer rental, lovely antique furnishings, $850. Box 973-G.

DO YOU SING in a church choir? Why? Tell us so that we will know how to encourage the participation of others. Box 765-G.

CO-AUTHOR of 1948 best seller is available for research for writers on cash basis. Box 767-G.

NEW YORK, 49 ST. EAST, UNUSUAL SUBLETS, beautifully furnished: Celebrity's house, garden, $350. Triplex, 4 masters, garden, $350. Duplex, 3 bedrooms, $250. Others unfurnished. Mrs. Detmold, 230 East 49 St., NYC.

TO FOSTER GOOD WILL. Free instruction course by mail in the Catholic religion. No obligation. Write: Catholic Information Society, Dept. S, 214 West 31 St., NYC.

A HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY—PEACHAM, VT. 9-room furnished house. Electricity, hot water, 1 bath, 1 shower, porches, fireplaces, garage, lovely view, swimming nearby. 2½ acres with apple orchard, lawn, etc. Price $5,500. Terms. Stearns. H. STANLEY HILLYER, INC., 21 University Place, NYC, ORegon 7-1400.

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SUDBURY INN at Lake Hortonia, Sudbury, Vt., provides best in country vacations.

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Conn., quiet informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

MERRIEBROOK, POUGHQUAG, NEW YORK. Peaceful homestead. Adults only. Tempting meals. North Clove 2421.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, a Colonial farmhouse. Good food. R.D. 2 Middlebury, Vt.

KNOLLFARM—small guest house in Vermont mountains. Excellent food. Comfortable living. Write: Box 55, Needham Heights, Massachusetts.

LOG CABINS in the pines. Swimming, tennis, excellent food. NOKOMIS CAMPS, Surry, Maine.

TOKENEKE INN, Darien, Connecticut. Ideal for quiet comfort. Excellent meals, good beds. Opens July 1. Reasonable.

SOUTHERN BERKSHIRES, 125 miles NYC. Farmhouse, 70 acres fields, woodland. Excellent meals. Swimming 4 miles. Blueberry picking. Near Tanglewood music. $40 weekly. STEPPING-STONE FARM, South Sandisfield, Mass.

MERRYMEETING-IN-MAINE. Picturesque country INN and cabins, ideal for children, young people and adults. Mountain view, spring-fed lake for swimming, tally-ho trips, boat trips and picnics on the sea nearby. Square dancing a specialty. From $7 daily, including all meals. Send for picture folder. DUANE DOOLITTLE, Lincolnville, Maine, near Camden.

SECLUDED COUNTRY HOME, view overlooking private pond. Home cooking, pleasant rooms. Write Mrs. Donald Riddle, Box 31, Pepperell, Mass.

WRITE MUSIC INN, Lenox, Mass., for Tanglewood program and Jazz Roundtable. Swimming, tennis, fishing, loafing.

CANADIANA LODGE, Gravenhurst, Ontario (famed Muskoka Lake district) offers best in Canadian vacations.

SCRIBNER HILL FARM, Oxford, Maine. Lake, mountains, fine view. $40.

THE LOG HOUSE, Thirteenth Lake, North River, N.Y. Secluded. Guest cottages. Privacy ideal for writing or other creative work, or for just plain loafing. Mountains and lake for inspiration or recreation. Food varied and best. Charles H. Tibbits.

"COTSWOLD," Warren, Vt.—To the discriminating, we offer 530-acre farm, hilltop seclusion, magnificent panorama. Adults only; no planned activities.

VACATIONS

GUYS AND DOLLS forget AFFAIRS OF STATE! Don't just MAKE A WISH in this TWENTIETH CENTURY for an OUT OF THIS WORLD, SEASON IN THE SUN. For THE HAPPY TIME, complete with private beach on L.I. Sound, sports, and food and cocktails fit for THE KING AND I, telephone Branford 8-3805 or write for Folder R-2, OWENEGO INN, Indian Neck, Branford, Conn.

LANIER - ON - THE - PISCATAQUA, Eliot, Maine. Tranquility, garden, river beach, arts and crafts and gift shop. $50.

TENNIS RACKETS READY! Our four excellent courts are waiting. SOUTHWIND, Woodbourne, N.Y.

SUMMER AT BLUEBERRY HILL. Lucullan food. Trout streams. Country splendor. Brandon, Vt.

SUMMER RENTAL for discriminating family. 50 minutes N.Y., yet in foothills of Ramapos, close to fishing, swimming, etc. Charming country house, delightfully cool and comfortable. 5 bedrooms, 3 baths, sleeping porch, terrace, handsomely furnished. 2½ acres trees, shrubs, gardens, picnic grove with barbecue. July 1 to Oct. 1, $1,000. MUrray Hill 7-4074 weekdays.

REST ON YOUR VACATION—Quiet, no amusements, just bathing, boating. Lake in mountains, home cooking, $35-$40. F. Casper—WATERLOO, Stanhope, N.J.

CHANTERWOOD, Lee, Mass. Perfect for week-end or vacation on a lovely Berkshire lake. Rustic lodge and cabins. Excellent food, informal atmosphere, moderate rates. Tanglewood, Berkshire Playhouse, Jacob's Pillow nearby. Folder.

2 SINGLE ROOMS, modern private home, near excellent inn, July, August. New Hampshire resort area. References required. Box 952-G.

BUCKS COUNTY—SOLEBURY SCHOOL CAMPUS. Single, double rooms. Moderate rates. Tennis, swimming. Mrs. S. C. Hoyt, New Hope, Pa.

WOODHOLME—in the Adirondacks. A unique and a delightful lodge with a real, woodsy atmosphere. Accessible only by boat or trail. A. W. Lawson, Inlet, New York.

SECLUDED, modern, complete, housekeeping guest cottage, near Oak Creek Canyon. Privacy ideal for writing, rest. Reasonable rates. BUBBLING POND RANCH, Cornville, Arizona.

KENT HOUSE, Greenwich, Conn. A country inn of unusual charm and beauty on an old Colonial estate. Excellent cuisine. 45 minutes from Grand Central. American plan from $10. Write for Booklet "R".

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 897

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

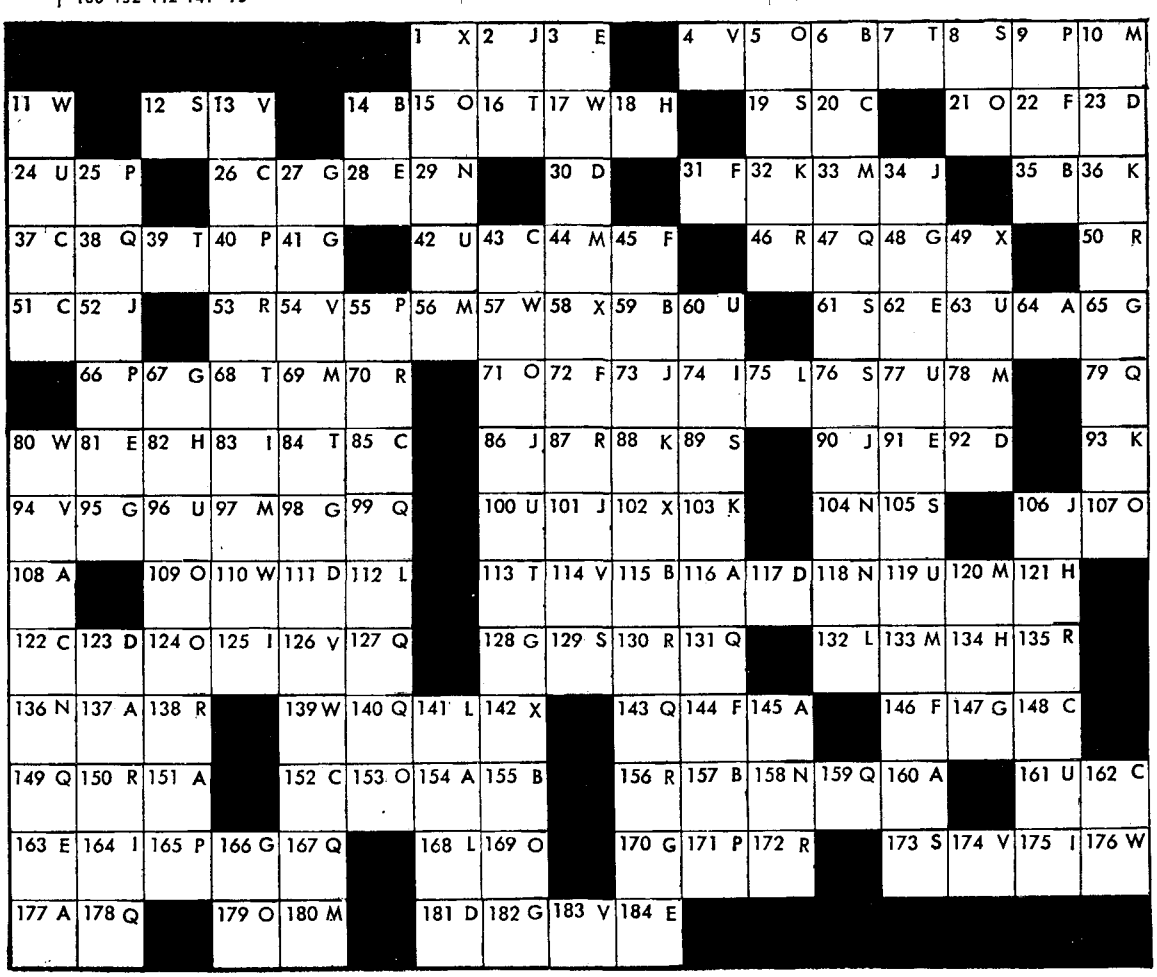
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. To discolor by effusion of blood beneath the skin (med.).	108 64 177 137 145 116 154 160 151
B. Quality or state of being immediately important.	157 59 14 115 155 35 6
C. To terminate play for the day by removing the wickets (cricket; 2 wds.).	148 43 26 122 20 51 162 152 37 85
D. Formerly, a Quaker (colloq.).	111 117 30 92 23 123 181
E. A principal angel of Jewish angelology.	62 28 163 184 81 3 91
F. American explorer, sculptor, etc., whose wife carried on his work after his death.	146 144 72 31 45 22
G. A thingumbob (3 wds.; colloq.).	27 170 67 48 98 182 128 41 147 95 166 65
H. Disagreeably sharp in line (painting and sculpture).	134 82 121 18
I. Longest river in France, 625 miles.	175 83 74 164 125
J. Pertaining to, resembling, or consisting of, a thallus.	106 2 101 73 86 90 52 34
K. Couples; joins.	36 32 88 103 93
L. A much-traveled philosopher in "Rasselas."	168 132 112 141 75

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. The Woman Suffrage Amendment.	120 97 33 78 56 133 44 180 69 10
N. To light candles after hours (school slang, English).	136 104 118 158 29
O. Favorable and unfavorable (3 wds.).	107 179 124 5 169 71 109 153 15 21
P. An oötheca (zool., 2 wds.).	171 9 25 66 55 40 165
Q. Play by Chekhov, 1901.	131 99 38 167 159 127 47 143 149 178 140 79
R. Carmelites (2 wds.).	46 150 50 135 138 53 172 87 130 156 70
S. Daughter of Agamemnon, subject of dramas or operas by Greek, German, French writers.	12 173 129 8 61 89 105 19 76
T. Of most inferior standing.	7 16 84 39 68 113
U. At once.	119 24 161 77 63 96 42 100 60
V. Scene of much of Longfellow's "Evangeline" (2 wds.).	183 114 174 13 4 94 126 54
W. English painter and engraver; supreme pictorial satirist (1697-1764).	80 110 139 176 17 11 57
X. Goddess of Fortune (Gr. relig.).	1 142 102 49 58

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 36 of this issue.

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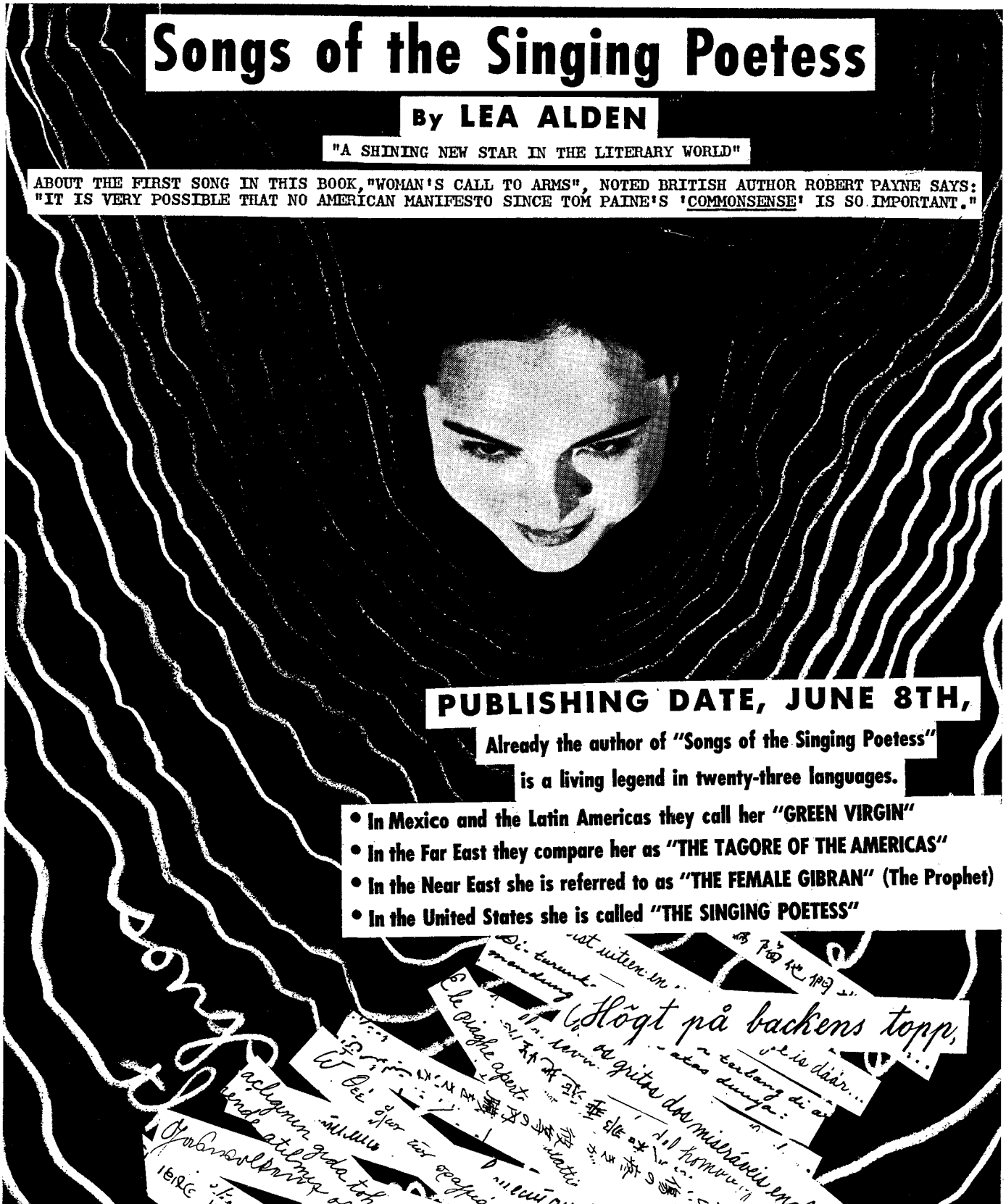

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